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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	193
THE BATTLE FOR THE SUDAN	196
POLITICS OF AMERICAN BUSINESS. By John Cates	196
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	197
NO CROCUSES. By Sagittarius	198
THIS ENGLAND	198
HOUSING REALITIES	198
STALIN ON TITO	199
CHIANG'S ISLAND	200
THE ASPIDISTRA. By Mary Francis	202
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
The Pleasures of Elegance. By T. C. Worsley	202
Giselle. By Annabel Farjeon	204
Turner Resurgent. By Patrick Heron	204
Television Notes. By Anthony Curtis	205
The Movies. By William Whitebait	205
CORRESPONDENCE	206
From Sir Leslie Plummer, M.P.; Sydney Hyam; Dorothy Abbott; Nicholas Davenport; Pamela Haddy; Wilson Harris; Pat Sloan; Douglas Cooper; Tom Scott; Elizabeth Jenkins.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	209
A BALLAT O THE FIRES O TIME. By Tom Scott	210
REVIEWS:	
Tawney's Essays. By Hugh Gaitskell	210
Donne's Devotional Verse. By I. A. Shapiro	210
A Poet in the House. By Naomi Lewis	212
Settlers and Kikuyu. By Kingsley Martin	212
The Newton of Chemistry. By John Harley-Mason	213
New Novels. By Walter Allen	214
SHORTER REVIEWS	214
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	216
CHESS. By Assiac	216
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	217

The Cardinal and the Women

NEXT Friday, back-bench M.P.s, led by Mr. Reeves, will try to secure the passage of a long overdue Bill to reform the abortion law. The Bill has already come under heavy fire from Roman Catholics, for whom Cardinal Griffin laid down the line in a speech this week. The Bill, he said, "seeks to legalise practices in direct contravention of natural law"; in contrast to the Christian principle Thou Shalt Not Kill, it introduces "the principle that an individual may decide which life is the more valuable" (in fact, this principle has been implicit in the English law for a century); an extension of that principle could lead to the extermination of "the aged, incurables and even political undesirables"; and finally, "it is against the whole tradition of English law, of natural law and of divine law."

To most non-Catholics at least, the Cardinal will seem to be raising a monstrous edifice of proprietary nonsense on a very weak foundation of divine law. The common-sense view that an individual life begins from the moment of birth does no dishonour to the divine injunction not to kill; while the proposition that contravention of a natural law is necessarily evil, can be sustained only if the definition of natural law is forced into the mould of a pre-judged dogma. Is the whole of man's conquest of disease an impious contravention of natural law? And is the proper termination of a dangerous pregnancy, in the interest of a suffering woman's life or health, essentially different from the mobilisation of medical resources which is, very properly, undertaken when Popes and Cardinals fall naturally ill? As to the tradition of the English law, that has too often been the story of a humane and devoted struggle for reform in the teeth of bitter, obscurantist opposition from the Roman Catholic Church.

Every year thousands of women suffer permanent damage to nerves or health after child-birth. Many of these tragedies could be avoided if doctors could approach the problem of pregnancy with the same objective avoidance of risk with which they approach other physical conditions. But the doctors face a real dilemma which calls for a reform of the law.

The law governing abortion is contained in the out-dated Offences Against the Person Act of 1861, which, by an undefined use of the word "unlawfully," keeps alive the Common Law doctrine that a doctor, acting in good faith to preserve the mother's life, acts lawfully. True, the leading cases of R. *v.* Bourne in 1939 and R. *v.* Bergman and Ferguson in 1948 have confirmed that the "preservation of the mother's life" may sometimes be widely interpreted. The difficult cases, however, are those where social and medical grounds combine; and there has always been doubt how far the law permits the operation in the interest of general health, where there is no direct danger to life. Gynaecologists are, with reason, reluctant to risk criminal proceedings and so the shameful racket of the quack abortionist in the back streets finds much of its *raison d'être*. No reform in the law, which could be socially justified, would of itself drive these nauseating racketeers completely out of business. The shame of the existing law is that they and all their attendant evils, of fear and blackmail, ignorant bungling and lonely death, are positively encouraged.

The present Bill, by legalizing abortion where two medical opinions concur and where the operation is performed by a doctor in good faith "for the purpose of preventing injury to the mother in body or health," does only a little more than give statutory form to the logical implication of recent judgments. It is the least the medical profession requires as a safeguard against its existing hazards and the least which the women of a civilized country should demand from their predominantly male legislators. We are less happy about the Bill's other provision, which appears to indemnify anybody—not only a doctor or midwife—whose honest purpose is to preserve the life of the mother. There is danger here that a statutory loophole is being accidentally offered to the quack.

But even if this provision were to be deleted in Committee, the rest of the Bill goes a long way towards bringing the law into line with humane modern opinion. Roman Catholics are entitled to oppose it if they conceive that to be their duty: they are also entitled not to avail themselves

of its facilities. But the great majority of women will welcome the Bill as an act of common sense and humanity too long withheld; and the Commons should ensure that it gets a Second Reading as soon as possible.

Unfruitful Visit

Formal expressions of mutual cordiality are a poor substitute, in French eyes, for specific points of agreement; and there is justification for the general feeling in Paris that the results of the visit paid to London by MM. Mayer and Bidault last week were meagre. It may be that they managed to secure from Mr. Butler conditional assurances that Britain would do all in her power to relax restrictions on imports from France and on the spending money of British tourists, but the real purpose of the visit was clearly to secure British undertakings which might do something to appease the opposition in the Assembly to ratification of the Bonn Agreements. Here, it seems, the French Ministers made little progress. If, as is rumoured, the substance of the French proposals was that Britain should undertake to station forces in Europe for 50 years (the duration of the E.D.C. Treaty), and that these forces should not merely be more closely integrated with the European Army but should also be maintained at a strength sufficient to balance future German contingents—particularly in the event of France being compelled to move further metropolitan troops to Indo-China—then the non-committal nature of the communiqué issued after the talks is comprehensible. The British Government is probably willing to consider attaching a liaison mission to E.D.C.; and, if the U.S. were agreeable, London would doubtless not object strongly to extending the duration (20 years) of the N.A.T.O. Agreement to the life of the E.D.C. Treaty. Since, however, Britain's decision not to form part of E.D.C. is firm, talk of closer *organic* integration is beside the point. The French Government must accept the reality of the situation.

Japan and G.A.T.T.

The problems arising in connection with the proposal to admit Japan to the General Agreement on Trade and Tariffs are not yet solved. The Committee which has been studying the problem, in its communiqué issued last weekend, brings out the difficulties very plainly. Many of the G.A.T.T. countries are afraid of Japanese "dumping"; and by dumping they are apt to mean underselling of their own products irrespective of causes or methods. Many of them maintain discriminatory restrictions on Japanese goods which they would have to give up if Japan were admitted—at any rate unless they could find a loophole in the "escape" clauses. The trouble is that the main escape clause—Article 19—which allows imports to be restricted, does not allow discrimination, so that any restriction on imports from Japan would automatically apply to other countries as well. The alternative clause—Article 23—does allow discrimination, but requires prior agreement among the countries affected, and is therefore very difficult to apply quickly, or indeed at all. If Japan is to be admitted to G.A.T.T, it will have to come in as an equal partner, and any provisions designed to prevent Japanese "dumping" will have to apply equally to all G.A.T.T. countries—which some of them will not like. In face of these difficulties, we are told that "a substantial majority of the Committee" felt that it would be better to wait, and not to admit Japan till this could be done under conditions of expanding world trade and general lowering of tariff barriers. When these conditions are expected we are not told. The Committee now passes the problem to a general conference of the Governments concerned. Meanwhile, Japanese exports, kept out of the Chinese market, will inevitably press harder upon such markets as remain open, and will induce further acts of discrimination.

Import Controls

Too much should not be made of the relaxation, announced this week, of Australian import controls. British exporters will undoubtedly reap some advantage, especially as the relaxations do not apply to imports from the dollar area or from Japan; but the admittance of £50 millions of additional imports, together with the relaxations previously announced, will restore no more than one-quarter of the cuts made a year ago. The effect of the cuts was to reduce imports from Great Britain in 1952 to less than half their 1951 value, even including the heavy imports of the early part of 1952 before they were imposed. Cotton and woollens suffered to an exceptional extent. The very severity of the cuts has compelled the Australians to live on accumulated stocks, which have now run down to a very low level. A good deal of the money now made available will go on replenishing stocks, especially stocks of materials for use in Australian industries. Although the Australian balance of payments has greatly improved, as a result both of the drastic cuts in imports and of favourable conditions for exports of wool and meat, and although there is an exceptionally good harvest in prospect, the Australian economy, with its over-development of manufactures and its neglect of agricultural production, is still highly vulnerable and no great increase in total imports can be afforded. The Americans will not like the element of discrimination involved in the present cautious relaxation of import controls; but they cannot well deny that it is justified as a defence of the balance of payments. As such, it will be one of the issues that come up in the negotiations with the U.S. arising out of the Commonwealth Economic Conference.

A Vote on Central Africa

In voting by 22 to 8 against imposition of the Government's proposals for federation in Central Africa, the Colonial and Commonwealth Group of the Parliamentary Labour Party has very properly drawn a distinction between the old proposals, sponsored by Mr. James Griffiths, and the new. If the old proposals were objectionable to Africans, they none the less contained certain specific safeguards of African interests. These have now disappeared. But the Group was also making another point. By voting against imposition of the proposals it was acknowledging, apparently, the unpleasant fact that the Government is prepared to impose the proposals, while Africans may well be ready to resist the imposition. The vote is not, accordingly, a merely negative gesture by a party in Opposition, but a warning that the federation proposals cannot now be put through without destroying the relatively high degree of racial harmony which still prevails in Nyasaland and to a lesser extent in Northern Rhodesia. It leaves the Labour Party free to accept federation *in principle*, to argue for the old proposals, or to frame entirely new proposals. Wisdom suggests that the last course is likely to be the most fruitful.

The Miners' Minimum

The miners have got their wage increase—6s. a week all-round for the day-wage men, who number about 320,000. In return, they have agreed to recommend renewal of the agreement for Saturday working, which had been rejected by several coalfields while the negotiations were at a deadlock. It has also been agreed to set up joint committees in the coalfields with a mandate to increase working efficiency, and to hold a series of regional conferences to be addressed by Sir Hubert Holdsworth, Chairman of the N.C.B., and by Sir William Lawther. The higher wage for the day-wage men is expected to cost about £6 million a year, and as the N.C.B. is already working at a loss on account of increases in other costs there is certain to be a rise in coal prices to cover the deficit. The agreement to work on Saturdays, by agreement at each colliery up to August, and thereafter generally, has still to run the gauntlet of a ballot in each coalfield, but seems likely to be ratified, though not without a good deal of opposition, especially in Scotland. This year the miners' paid holiday is due to be raised from a week to a fortnight (last year they were paid for the second week, but remained at work because of the shortage of coal). Negotiations are to be resumed on the proposed wage-structure; but in view of their interruption during the day-wage crisis there is now no prospect of its being ready for introduction this summer. Indeed, there are still a good many difficult problems to be solved. Meanwhile, at a number of collieries, local negotiations are in progress for a revision of piecework rates, many of which are quite obsolete. In effect, though the immediate crisis has been resolved, there are still plenty of troubles ahead. The new minimum wage—£7 6s. 6d. for underground and £6 7s. 6d. for surface workers—is certainly none too high.

Alsace Outraged

The Oradour trial created something of a gulf between French and Alsatians. Although the amendment of the "collective responsibility" law of 1948 by the French Assembly was intended to help the Alsatian S.S.-men, who had been drafted into the S.S. ostensibly against their will, the Bordeaux Court would not take the hint. These men had taken part in the Oradour massacre of over 600 men, women and children; and they had helped in burning to death hundreds of women and children in the village church. The Alsatian sergeant was sentenced to death, and all the other Alsatians to 5 to 12 years' imprisonment or hard labour. There was only one acquittal—that of a German. The Alsatian defence is that they took part in this horrible butchery "in spite of themselves"; and "the whole of Alsace" is said to be outraged by the sentences passed on the *Malgré Nous*. . . . Although in

France few people have been convinced by these Alsatian arguments, nevertheless the Government gave its support to yesterday's amnesty of all the conscripted Alsatians sentenced at Bordeaux. Even if the people of the Limousin are going to feel very bitter about it, the French Government has, above all, been thinking of the inexpediency of annoying Alsace. Alsatian anger *may* still have international repercussions; the Limousin is "native" and will just have to lump it.

WASHINGTON

Pressure Without Policy

A Correspondent writes: The new Administration, in its first month of office, has begun to pay the price for campaign oratory. During the election, the Republicans managed to give the impression that they not only knew what they wanted in foreign policy, but that they also had a fairly clear idea of the way in which they intended to achieve it. It now seems obvious that Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles had given much more thought to their strategic objectives —such popular projects as ending the Korean and Indo-Chinese wars, freeing American units to form a mobile reserve, and taking a tougher line with recalcitrant allies and obstinate enemies alike—than they have so far given to the tactical measures needed to carry them out.

The way in which Mr. Dulles blows hot one moment and cold the next is an indication of this. He does not behave like a man who has a definite and pre-considered plan which he is now beginning to apply. On the contrary, he is caught in a trap that is the precise opposite of that which ensnared Mr. Acheson. The late Secretary of State got on well with America's allies, but was always vulnerable in domestic politics. He had continually to fight off attacks on his rear and to buy Congressional support by gestures and actions that both outraged his own opinions and irritated the European Powers with which he had to deal. Mr. Dulles, however, thinks and speaks in much the same way as the Republicans in Congress; when he discovers that such views neither square with the views of America's allies nor with the facts, he is driven to insist abroad that his policies do not mean what they appear to mean.

The de-neutralisation of Formosa, for instance, does not seem at this stage to have been intended as anything more than a gesture which showed, first, that the Administration would stand by Chiang Kai-shek, and, secondly, that it would put whatever pressure it could upon Communist China. But it set off alarming repercussions among America's allies, upset the "neutral" bloc in the United Nations, and forced Mr. Dulles to explain privately that it was the very least he could do after years of Republican agitation on this question. The Democrats in the Senate have already seized on this dilemma, and, led by Senators Sparkman and Magnuson, have been asking some awkward questions. Had the de-neutralisation of Formosa, for instance, been agreed by the Chiefs of Staff? It seems that the decision was taken without consulting them.

Yet Congress took the Formosa decision as the harbinger of greater things to come. It was immediately followed by a wave of speculation about a blockade of China. Admiral Radford, the naval commander in the Pacific, was not alone in urging a blockade—though the military value of this move is liable to be slight, even if the blockade was enforced by an expanded American fleet and air force. If enforced by Chiang, it would be little more than an extension of the present small-scale piracy. Once again, Mr. Dulles hastened to insist that no "precipitate" move was intended in the Far East, and that any important change of policy—blockade, a new Korean offensive, and presumably the bombing of Manchuria—would be preceded by discussions with Congressional leaders and America's allies.

Then there is the extraordinary move to repudiate the "secret clauses" in America's wartime agreements with Russia. It is not yet clear what the President and Senator Taft have in mind, but they must be referring especially to the Yalta Agreement; for its "betrayal" of China and Poland have been consistent themes in Republican propaganda. This resolution will certainly be carried by Congress in its present mood, though on reflection such unilateral repudiation might seem an unwise precedent. But its purpose, again, is not so much to proclaim a line of immediate policy—for little can be done about the territories concerned—as to give an impression of toughness towards Communism and all its evil works, past as well as present. In default of any policy which differs substantially from that of his predecessor, Mr. Dulles is falling back on potentially dangerous declarations of principle. The cause of anxiety is that, despite his private assurances to Britain and France, he may eventually feel compelled to redeem the promises of action which are implicit in these concessions to Republican sentiment.

CANBERRA

Labour's Come-back

A Correspondent writes: Australia is moving swiftly and significantly to the Left, and only a political miracle can save the Menzies Government from being swept away at the next general election. This conclusion is inescapable after the State elections in New South Wales and Western Australia. In N.S.W., the twelve-year-old Labour Government has increased its majority from three to at least 21 in a Lower House of 94. The added swing to the Left was 6 per cent., which is no small achievement after four terms of office, well-publicised police scandals, and a generally hostile press. In W.A., Labour has gained a narrow majority of at least two in a Chamber of 50. The five-year-old Right-wing Government went under in a Labour campaign against poor housing progress, failure to produce adequate rent legislation, and neglect of water and electricity services. These elections follow closely on the December elections in Victoria where Labour, after 25 years in the wilderness, gained power in a 9 per cent. swing.

Labour now controls five of the six State Governments. The sole non-Labour State, South Australia, votes on March 7; its Right-wing Government has been in power 14 years, but a recent bye-election showed an 8 per cent. swing to the Left, and Labour is confident of another big success.

The Federal political set-up is the same as in the States: Labour matched against a coalition of Liberal (broadly Tory) and Country (Farmer) parties. The Menzies Liberal-Country Party Government has lost public support, chiefly through its failure to fulfil its election pledge to "put value back into the pound." The Government's sole real anti-inflationary move—a wool tax levy—has angered its own supporters.

Menzies is due to face the polls about July of next year, but events may compel him to go to the country earlier. There is a Federal Senate election on May 9. On present form, Labour should collect all the vacant seats up for election, and halve the house at 30-30. This would give Labour effective control of the Senate as, under the Australian constitution, when voting is equal in the Upper House all issues must be resolved in the negative. Such a situation would lead to deadlock (if Labour used its powers) with a resultant double dissolution. A full-scale general election is possible, under these conditions, this year, although Labour is at present not agreed on whether forcing a double dissolution would be electorally popular. Labour last ruled from 1941-49. Menzies won in December, 1949, but Labour kept control of the Upper House. To avoid this deadlock, Menzies had both houses dissolved and in April, 1951, won the Senate, although his Lower House majority was reduced.

MOSCOW

The U.S.S.R. and Israel

A Correspondent writes: The Soviet breach with Israel—precipitated by the bomb outrage in Tel Aviv—was to be expected. There is a good deal of information to suggest that Israel, and the encouragement given in all sorts of ways to Zionist currents among Jews in Russia and in Eastern Europe generally, have annoyed the Soviet authorities more and more. This annoyance was liable to rebound, in varying degrees, on most Jews. Judging not only from the Soviet press, but also from a number of indiscretions coming from the American side, there is little doubt that American Intelligence was using Jewish organisations in Eastern Europe for its own ends in a fairly big way, considering these organisations as one of the "weak spots" in the Curtain.

Yet there are indications that the Soviet authorities have been taken aback by the foreign propaganda about "Soviet anti-Semitism"; great prominence was given, on the front page of all the Soviet papers, to the ceremony at which the Stalin Peace Prize was conferred on Ehrenburg, and this week a State funeral was given in the Red Square to General Mekhlis, for many years head of the political department of the Red Army, and one of the very few Jews holding a high military rank. Mekhlis had been under a cloud for fully ten years; he was, indeed, publicly criticised for his "gross mishandling" of the unfortunate Kerch operation in May, 1942, after which very little was heard of him, least of all in the Red Army. It is doubtful if a State funeral would have been given him in conditions other than the present.

If, both for international reasons and, possibly also, for internal reasons, the Soviet authorities have found it necessary to plead "not guilty" to anti-Semitism (even though it may conceivably "come in useful" some day in Russia's relations with both the Arab States and Germany), a few points deserve emphasising all the same. First, the Jews in Russia continue to be in a somewhat ambiguous position because of their "nationality" and their lack of a "national territory" and of a "national culture." The Birobidjan experiment, affecting in any case only a negligible proportion of Jews, was an obvious failure; and as for Jewish "national culture," the Soviet view is that there are only two possible such "cultures"—both fundamentally non-Soviet or anti-Soviet. One is a Zionist culture which clearly implies loyalty to something completely outside the Soviet Union; the other is a "culture" based on a certain Ghetto-Yiddish tradition, essentially "reactionary," and a rather incongruous anachronism divorced from Soviet reality. It was this "culture" that was represented by people like Michoels, the famous Jewish actor, who was mysteriously murdered in 1947. The average Russian's attitude to this kind of culture has been, to say the least, ironical, if not downright hostile.

The Battle for the Sudan

FAR too many people have jumped to the conclusion that the Anglo-Egyptian agreement announced last week has settled the Sudan problem. "The Union Jack has been hauled down," growls Beaverbrook, expressing the sense of humiliation felt by what is probably the majority of Tory back-benchers. "Labour's pledge of independence to the Sudanese has been fulfilled," retorts the Socialist chorus.

Neither of these statements is even an approximately correct description of what has happened in the Sudan. The agreement, which has been greeted with such jubilation in Khartoum as well as in Cairo, by itself does not decide anything. What Mr. Eden and General Neguib have worked out is merely an elaborate plan to enable the Sudanese themselves to decide. Up till last November the Northern Sudanese —under the threat of King Farouk's arrogant imperialism—were willing to accept self-government under British protection, a status quite satisfactory to the primitive Southern tribes, in whose eyes the Moslem Arabs of the North are as foreign and as suspect as any Egyptian. By last autumn a British plan for self-government had been adopted, and elections were due to take place. Then came Neguib's sensational offer of complete independence within three years. Overnight, the British were thrown on the defensive. They were now offering the Sudan a much slower approach to freedom than that held out by the Egyptians. Mr. Eden was compelled to discard the idea of self-government under British protection and to support Neguib's offer.

Negotiations between November and the completion of the agreement last Thursday were mainly concerned, first, with the arrangements for Sudanisation—that is, for dismantling the British administrative machine—and, secondly, with the special powers to be retained by the Governor-General during the three-year period before the Sudanese Parliament opts between the Egyptian connection and complete independence. A careful comparison of General Neguib's original offer and the final draft shows that Mr. Eden gained very little by these negotiations. Moreover, the time they consumed was well used by the Egyptians to undermine still further the confidence of the Sudanese politicians in the British administration. What finally compelled Mr. Eden to sign the agreement was probably the knowledge that, if elections were postponed until after the summer rains, British influence in the North would have vanished, and Southern fears of a sell-out proportionately increased.

The agreement, in fact, will not end the Anglo-Egyptian tension, but initiate a new phase of political warfare. Having successfully cut the ground from under the feet of Sir James Robertson in Khartoum, General Neguib will now make sure, if he can, that the Sudanese Parliament decides in favour of Egypt. Already there are rumours that part of the £10,000,000 of sterling balances released last January has been used by the Junta to purchase the Sudan cotton crop (it will be stockpiled, no doubt, along with the 1951 and 1952 Egyptian cotton crops, which are still unsold). Simultaneously, Junta envoys are feverishly busy in Khartoum.

While the Anglo-Egyptian battle of wits, therefore, moves away from the Sudan to the Canal Zone, a new battle of wits begins between the Egyptian and the Sudanese politicians. No one should imagine that, just because General Neguib came out for Sudanese self-determination, he has therefore surrendered all hope of unifying the Nile Valley. On the contrary, his offer was a tactical move in the achievement of this aim. On the other side, the Sudanese parties probably supported the Neguib plan for their own tactical reasons. Having used Egyptian help to end British rule, they may well hope to defeat Neguib's aspirations. But the Sudanese are deeply divided. Not only is there an unbridgable gulf between the interests and culture of North and South. The Northern parties are also divided by the religious schism between orthodox Islam and the Mahdist heresy. These divisions will certainly be exploited by the Egyptians.

What role has Mr. Eden allotted to the Governor-General during this critical period? Does he agree with Captain Waterhouse that Britain should openly oppose Neguib's aspirations and encourage the Sudan to apply for membership of the Commonwealth? Or is it his view that the British administrators in Khartoum should remain strictly neutral on this central issue, and limit their intervention to an attempt to safeguard the primitive South? It is a difficult choice for a Conservative Foreign Secretary. If the Governor-General remains neutral and the Egyptians use all their opportunities, it is probable that the new Sudanese Parliament will be persuaded to opt for the Egyptian connection. But if Sir James Robertson plays politics—and the Sudan Civil Service has often played politics in the past—the Egyptians will be able to resurrect the bogy of British Imperialism and to accuse Mr. Eden of permitting the British in Khartoum to sabotage the agreement by trying to influence the Sudanese in their exercise of self-determination. Already Neguib has replied very tartly to Mr. Eden's platitude that an independent Sudan would be entitled to request admission to the Commonwealth. The facts are that if Egypt succeeds in cajoling the Sudan into a risky marriage, Britain can hardly forbid the banns.

There is one other temptation to which Mr. Eden must refuse to succumb. In the past, our complaint against the Egyptians was that they refused to separate the two issues of the Sudan and Suez and consider them on their merits. Many Tory Imperialists will now be advising the Foreign Secretary to adopt a similar tactic. There is little doubt that a basic agreement on the method of British withdrawal from the Canal Zone and Egyptian take-over has already been reached. Unless an immense amount of equipment is to be wasted or pilfered, the withdrawal is bound to be in stages and to take some time. One sure way of interrupting a friendly transfer would be to use the threat of staying in the Canal Zone as a sanction for getting our way in the Sudan. The fact is—and General Neguib knows it—that the evacuation of Suez has become a British as well as an Egyptian interest. In present circumstances the base is a wasteful liability. The best chance of favourably influencing developments in Khartoum is not to spin out the talks on the Canal but to reach an agreement as quickly as possible. At present the Egyptians blame every social and economic evil of their country on the British occupation, and exploit nationalism to divert attention from the home front. By withdrawing from the Canal Zone we could hope to reduce the Egyptian pressure on the Sudan: by prevaricating, we shall merely inflame their nationalism still further and intensify General Neguib's suspicions that we are still, after seventy years, hoping to find an excuse for prolonging our occupation of the whole Nile Valley.

Politics of American Business

I. Welfare Capitalism

IN the Fall of 1952 a modern Gulliver, travelling in America and attending, say, the annual convention of the National Association of Manufacturers, might have echoed an observation made forty years ago. "The most easily manipulated State in the world," wrote Graham Wallas in 1909, "would be one inhabited by a race of Noncomformist businessmen who never followed up a train of political reasoning in their lives, and who, as soon as they were aware of the existence of a strong political conviction in their minds, should announce that it was a matter of 'conscience' and therefore beyond the province of doubt or calculation." In the America of 1953 matters of 'conscience' included free enterprise, a high level of armaments, and anti-Communism.

But within the province of "doubt or calculation" there have been significant shifts in outlook, particularly with regard to the political theory of American business. C. Hartley Grattan, in February, 1944, had to some extent anticipated the post-war development. "For fourteen years," he wrote, "the American economy has been running on a sort of conditional basis, tinkered and patched with various expedients. The underlying problems have not been met and the war has intensified their pressures. Somehow or other, something has got to be done. The more alert businessmen now see that unless they and business can deliver they are through."

The alarm, however, has not yet sounded, for a number of reasons, and it is not likely to sound in the near future. Grattan's remarks, it is worth noting, were linked to the expectation, current at the time, of a post-war slump and increased antagonism between government and business. Any depression symptoms, it seemed clear in 1944, would be followed by an expanded New Deal, possibly under Roosevelt's leadership. Moreover, the conservative-minded businessman could detect in the speeches and writings of New Dealers cause for concern. There was that suspicious "Freedom From Want," the elimination of which, Roosevelt had insisted, was a principal object of the war. There was talk of Tennessee Valley-type projects, financed by the United States, in China; of vast irrigation and land reclamation schemes in the Middle East; of billion dollar loans to the Soviet Union—

talk, in short, contemplating the export of New Dealism to all parts of the world.

But a slump never developed, and in the years after Roosevelt's death there were a number of significant developments. The most important of these, of course, was the Cold War, which diverted attention from domestic problems and, more importantly, anchored full employment and prosperity to the armaments programme. A secondary effect of Cold War policies was to facilitate the exchange of personnel between government and industry. In ordinary times, perhaps, the American do-it-yourself approach is applied to both plumbing repairs and psychoanalysis, but in a period of crisis confidence wanes and the cry goes out for the expert. In the business-garrison State the experts, by definition, are the Big Businessmen and the Commanding Generals: Charles Edward Wilson, Robert Lovetta, John Foster Dulles, Omar Bradley and Walter Bedell Smith. Nor is this development altogether fortuitous. Charles Edward Wilson (General Electric, not General Motors) while in the position of Mr. Truman's chief economic mobiliser, warned businessmen that if they didn't co-operate with him, they would have to co-operate with someone much less sympathetic.

Thus, the Cold War and its effects have largely dissolved the New Deal dichotomy between government and business. At the same time, business power has been vastly augmented from another source. The philosophers of industrialism are broadly in favour of what is loosely termed a "welfare society," or Benthamism adapted to free enterprise. There is a difference, writes the Dean of the Harvard Business School, between "equality of opportunity and equality of results," between welfare dispensed by business and welfare provided by the State. It is no good, say the business theorists, resigning ourselves to the present drift toward Statism, or waging a frontal attack on the welfare conception. Rather, capitalism should deliberately and consciously foster the greatest good for the greatest number.

The root of the argument is, of course, that business can be trusted with responsibility for a welfare economy, that businessmen are the proper custodians of the public interest. The trustee theory is hardly a new one—it can be traced at least as far back as the Puritan landing in Massachusetts—but perhaps for the first time in American history it fills a vacuum in ideas. No longer must it wage battle against Populists, Socialists, and radical reformers, as it was forced to do in Carnegie's time. Moreover, the Truman brand of reform, weak and anæmic, unable or unwilling to accomplish its social programme has left a void not merely in ideas but in power. If the government cannot or will not regulate business, then business will, and in a certain sense must, regulate itself; if the State is unable to provide or expand welfare services in a society that demands them, power flows to those who can offer the required services. Indeed, it is fairly clear that business self-government and welfare capitalism are the imperatives of concentrated economic power free from effective governmental control. As Professor Brady has made clear, self-government does for "the gigantic aggregations of economic power . . . what *laissez-faire* does for competitive (that is, 'unorganised') economies . . . It visualises all economic activity organised in a system of eventually all-inclusive trade, industrial, and occupational categories, each of which will, through its governing hierarchy, establish and administer the policies concerning the behaviour of its members in all important respects." The welfare concept is an indispensable ally in the contemporary struggle between concentrated economic power and political democracy.

The liberal rhetoric, meanwhile, has served to mask rather than reveal issues. The word "welfare," it seems, is on everyone's lips. We have a Welfare State, insisted President Truman, apparently oblivious to the fact that 85 per cent. of Government expenditure is on past, present, and future wars. We want to keep the Welfare State, say the trade union leaders, neither knowing nor caring that an estimated 15 million Americans owe their jobs to the armaments and aid programmes. It is already forgotten—was it ever remembered?—that it was the war and not the New Deal which cured the depression, that in no New Deal year before the war were there fewer than one out of five working Americans unemployed. Sixty years of trust-building have not taught the futility of trust-busting; and the increasing rigidity and decreasing mobility in the class structure have not exploded the liberal image of a classless society. Behind the sterility of liberal thought is the sterility of present-day politics and the apathy of mass opinion. "In 1932," Thomas Sancton has commented, "the great majority of Americans . . . were politically and spiritually at war with high finance and every institution, such as 'Wall Street' that symbolised it. Today most of these same Americans, even the labour organisations, are in the same fashion at war with Russian Communism and have entered into whole-hearted alliance with the dominant financial interests which once were the political enemy."

Thus is the stage set for the new Machiavellis: the business politicians, theorists, and apostles of Welfare Capitalism.

New York. JOHN CATES

London Diary

MAYBE Mr. Bevan and Mr. Nehru do not really disagree about foreign policy. If so, Aneurin Bevan was using words very loosely when he talked about "a realignment of world forces leading to the emergence of a Third Bloc of nations, holding a world balance of power, and compelling the two giants to listen to what it had to say." Nehru, as the man responsible for India's foreign policy, could not let that pass. For a Third Bloc suggests an exclusive alliance of States having, logically, a joint military organisation. This, as Nehru said, is impossible, even if it were desirable. The countries which intend to keep themselves independent of both the United States and Russia have no force at their command comparable with that of either of those Powers; nor have they a common policy, unless a desire for peace and independence can be called one. They represent, Nehru says quite correctly, an independent area where Big Power dictatorship will be resisted. India is obviously the most important of these uncommitted countries. Nehru and Nye Bevan are both right in thinking that the peace of the world may depend upon them. Both Moscow and Washington want to dominate the largest areas possible; and as long as there are important countries outside both their spheres of influence, so long the present precarious peace may be maintained. In these peculiar circumstances, the Prime Minister of a militarily weak, but strategically and economically important, country may yet hold the balance, maintain the peace, and even, perhaps, play the honest broker.

* * *

Sanity prevailed in the debate on the flogging Bill last week. No doubt the issue will have to be fought again. But this victory was more than a mere defeat for the malignant forces of irrationalism: it was a reprieve for the system now being built on the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, which could hardly have survived a return to judicial torture. The Government's new Prevention of Crime Bill, "to prohibit the carrying of offensive weapons in public places without lawful authority or excuse," is a wise, if controversial, measure despite its drastic nature. It merits support if only because it is an attempt to prevent the crimes for which so many angry people wish to flog. It exposes to arrest without warrant anyone reasonably believed by a constable to have with him, in a public place, any article made, adapted, or (by the possessor) intended for causing injury to the person, "without lawful authority or excuse, *the proof whereof shall lie on him*." This last phrase is certain to draw the main weight of criticism, adding, as it does, one more to the exceptions violating the "presumption of innocence" on which English criminal law is popularly supposed to stand. There are scores of these exceptions in the criminal law, and I am given to understand that every one of them is the work of Parliament, except the judge-made rule that requires a possessor of stolen property, putting up an implausible excuse, to prove the truth of it if he can. The presumption of innocence is an ideal we should never abandon; and whenever it is thought necessary, as in the present state of public agitation about the use of improvised maiming methods, to whittle it down a little further, we ought to look carefully to see how much of it is left. It's always more satisfactory when lawful possession can be established, as in the case of firearms, by the instant production of a document, but presumably there would be no case for issuing cosh certificates.

* * *

On January 9, every newspaper in Pakistan observed a one-day *hartal* in support of three men who are now being tried in Karachi. Z A. Suleli, editor and founder of the *Pakistan Evening Times*, was arrested, together with his cartoonist and printer, on charges of sedition and creating hatred between sections of the people. Since then they have been kept in Class B prisons—a category usually kept for common criminals. The principal exhibit in court was a cartoon portraying six recognizable gentlemen (including the editor of *Dawn*); the background was of a country in flames. The court listened to a C.I.D. witness refusing to commit himself to the proposition that the flames were symbolic. The Pakistan press unanimously took the proper point of view that it was the duty of a paper to criticise the new constitutional proposals, and I am glad to see that the Commonwealth Press Union, of which Col. Astor is Chairman and Lord Burnham Vice-chairman, have passed a resolution supporting this campaign for the freedom of the press. I note, too, that the Karachi Government has postponed for three months any further discussion of the Constitution in the Constituent Assembly.

* * *

The arrest of Solly Sachs was one of the first signs that the Malan Government intended to smash the trade union movement in South Africa. For many years he has been the secretary of the Garment Workers' Union, Treasurer of the South African Labour Party and a member of the executive of the Trades and Labour Council—the equivalent of our T.U.C. He is also the author of *The Choice Before South Africa*, which was published here by the Turnstile Press. Copies of this were seized when they reached Cape Town. Though the Appeal Court suspended sentence on

him, he was banned from attending "any gathering of any number of people." This, he says, means that he was liable to three years' imprisonment with hard labour if he even stood in a bus queue in his native country. He has now come to England, a political refugee from the Commonwealth. I am sure that the Labour Party and the trade unions will find his expert knowledge invaluable when they are considering what can be done to help their counterparts in South Africa.

* * *

British policy in Kenya and Malaya has brought me the following comment from an anonymous poet:

Two far-flung Empires Britain won and nursed,
Vast but short-lived as Empires may be reckoned;
King George the Third accounted for the first,
And Lyttelton is breaking up the second.

* * *

Scientists are once again warning the world about the chances of wiping out all the great centres of civilisation by bombs a thousand times more powerful than the puny little bits of nonsense that destroyed Nagasaki and Hiroshima. I had just been reading a particularly gruesome statement of this kind, when by way of relaxation, I turned to a remarkable book called *King Solomon's Ring*, which was reviewed in this and other journals when it appeared last year. The author is a naturalist named Lorenz, who has kept all sorts of strange pets, and claims to be on speaking terms with a large variety of beasts and birds. He concludes with an unusual account of the fighting habits of fierce beasts like wolves, which, he says, do not fight each other to the death; when one gives in and stands in a submissive attitude with his vulnerable neck exposed to the victor's fangs, the victor is instinctively inhibited from delivering the *coup de grâce*. Doves, on the other hand, says Lorenz, which are the symbol of peace, may behave in exactly the opposite manner; he gives a horrid example of a fight which ended in the helpless and vanquished male having all his feathers pecked off one by one by a turtle-dove. So, you see, we have got our symbols precisely reversed. Mr. Lorenz concludes: "The day will come when two warring factions will be faced with the possibility of each wiping the other out completely. The day may come when the whole of mankind is divided into two such opposing camps. Shall we then behave like doves or like wolves? The fate of mankind will be settled by the answer to this question. We may well be apprehensive."

* * *

The Coronation procession will turn right at the bottom of Northumberland Avenue, and so just miss the Embankment Gardens. My windows will not, therefore, be worth £50 a look. But we, who live in Charing Cross, are not discouraged. I was myself sorry that we lost some of our village character when they took away the five-bar gate which loving couples had to climb if they were in too much of a hurry to go round by the Embankment. But I suppose it was necessary if we were to look smart for Coronation year. And now teams of men are taking up the garden beds and altering the position of the bandstand. It has been a surprisingly big operation which has included removing all the turf, and making it more perfectly level. At first all this seemed a curious waste of man-power; even of the sort of man-power which wears an overcoat to dig and wheel a barrow, as I saw one man doing the other day. (I expect he had influenza, and should have been in bed.) The point of this kind of labour for remodelling a perfectly well planned and tended garden is that nowadays a band is not just a band; it also includes sopranos and tenors singing through a microphone and Highlanders dancing a fling on a stage. Therefore the band must not be in the middle, but at the end of the auditorium, with all the people facing it. As a result, the amenities of Charing Cross will be improved, but not, I think, its appearance. The grass area will be diminished; the dry area for chairs will be increased. The bandstand is being built with its back to Villiers Street, shutting off the garden view of the warm-hearted lady who sells flowers, of the barrow boys, taxi-drivers and other characters who, by travel or occupation, mill round the entrance to Charing Cross Tube.

CRITIC

NO CROCUSES

Fair crocuses, we weep to see
You banished from Green Park,
For Mr. Eccles' vandal horde
Has left its squalid mark.
Alas!
They have grubbed up your grass,
The sward
By mercenary hands
Despoiled; invaded by the Ministry
For Coronation stands.

Your gentle, verdant, shady banks
Are now a desert bare;
We will not see your flowers unfold,
Your April glory share.
Gone, gone,
And rudely trampled on,
Your gold
And white! Instead,
Unsightly miles of scaffolding and planks
Above your ravaged bed.

Canned nightingales in Berkeley Square
Will never make amends
For you, that greet the passer-by
To show when winter ends.
Mud, mud,
Has choked your early bud,
You die.
Your little golden candles will not glow,
For Mr. Eccles' myrmidons prepare
The Coronation show.

Your turf, your overhanging shade
Destroyed by tools accursed,
For Mr. Eccles' gangs in haste
Have done their brutal worst,
And we
Weep while the Ministry
Lays waste
Lawns, branches, everything,
And has a desolation made
This Coronation spring.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

During the frosty weather last month, three men were scattering sand from a lorry after the roads had thawed. Behind them, a new mechanical sweeper was sweeping up the sand.—*Yorkshire Evening Post.* (T. Mason.)

Revolver Shooting Lessons Required by Young Woman going to South Africa. State remuneration.—Advt. in *Cambridge Daily News.* (Edwin C. Webb.)

It is hoped that the new machine will prove useful in clearing snow from the track. It is expected to be ready for use in this country in the summer.—*Manchester Guardian.* (S. Leather.)

Councillor F. W. Nash, of Castle Rising, Norfolk, has been returned unopposed to the seat on Freebridge Lyn council which had been declared vacant on the grounds that he had not attended meetings regularly.—*Daily Herald.* (C. D. Raby.)

Housing Realities

(By a Correspondent)

In the public discussions now going on about Labour's future policy, little enough has been said so far about housing. The Conservatives are staking their domestic reputation on stepping up the number of houses built. To do this they have resorted to various expedients, the most serious being the reduction in space standards. But more houses, either publicly or privately owned, are being built; and before this year is out the figure of 300,000 homes may yet go down in history as an election promise that was kept. Already people are impressed by Mr. Macmillan's achievements. If Labour is to win the next election, it cannot rest on the reflected glory of the best of its past achievements. It must now put forward a clear alternative to Conservative policy and one which provides more homes, not excuses why they cannot be provided.

But before policy can be translated into a programme which will command general assent and acceptance of the considerable effort involved, it is essential to arrive at an accurate measurement of the country's real housing needs. For this purpose fresh material is available in the preliminary Sample Tables of the 1951 Census. The Census shows that Britain's total of 13,300,000 occupied homes is well over a million short of its number of households; but since a Census "household" is not the same thing as a "family," the gap is in fact wider. A young married couple living with in-laws while waiting for a house are not counted in the Census as a separate household unless boarding separately from the main family. Establishing, however, a new and useful precedent, this Census counts them as "family nuclei." Together with other similar groups located within existing households these "concealed families" total nearly a million. It does not, of course, follow that every such "nucleus" desires a separate home; but when account is taken of the special housing needs of old and young people, the need for additional homes is hardly likely to be much less than 2 million if all existing households and "concealed families" are to have a home of their own.

Formidable as this problem is, we are faced with a still greater one. Of our national stock of homes, well over 2½ million are over a hundred years old, and over 4 million are over seventy-five years old. Most of this 4 million represent terraces and tenements thrown up for the expanding working population of the factory towns of early and mid-Victorian Britain. Long ago their successive tenants paid off their capital cost, with interest, many times over, in addition to ground rent—a factor conveniently overlooked in the landlords' current campaign to raise rents. The dishevelled remains of this architecture today clutter up the centres of most of our cities, taking up land badly needed for new housing, schools and open space. Substandard, neglected and ill-repaired over many years, these houses have long outlived their useful life and should have been knocked down years ago. Even Lord Lloyd, speaking on behalf of a Conservative Government, recognised that no repairs could adequately patch up these four million homes over seventy-five years old:

> It cannot be in the national interest to waste our limited resources in maintaining old and jerry-built houses. Our object must surely be to pull them down as fast as we can and replace them by decent modern dwellings.

This is the right conclusion and it cannot be sidestepped; even the largest rent increases the Conservatives can contemplate would not be

enough to repair these slums and semi-slums.

So accustomed have we become to the idea that all new housing should be equipped with piped water, fixed bath, w.c., sink and stove, that we forget that it is only since the '20s that this has become the rule rather than the exception in working-class housing. The Census reveals that homes provided with all five amenities make up less than half of our present stock—54 per cent. for England, 50 per cent. for Scotland and only 41 per cent. for Wales. Looking at it the other way up, the figures of households which have to share all five amenities with other households are: Wales, 12½ per cent.; Scotland, 7½ per cent.; and England, 6 per cent. Most striking among the catalogue of deficiencies revealed by the Census is that 5½ million households have no bath at all, over a million have no w.c., nearly a million lack a kitchen sink and nearly as many are without piped water.

The national overcrowding picture is not much prettier. The Census tells us that more than one and a half million people are living at densities of *over* two persons per room—the standard, roughly, of the 1936 Act. It becomes easier to understand why this miserable standard of two persons per room is still accepted when we see the figures that would result from any improvement. The national *average* density works out at 0.76 persons per room. The distribution, however, which this average conceals is a startling reflection on the Welfare State in 1951. If we were to take the standard of one person per room as our criterion, we should find that 13,500,000 people (a total of 2,700,000 households) are living at densities *worse* than this.

There are two immediate causes of overcrowding—the lack of homes and their maldistribution. The effective determinant of distribution is the rent. Only if there is a home available at a rent which they can afford, can a young couple with their first children leave an overcrowded house that may even not have been "legally" overcrowded until their children were born. Conversely, only if there are sufficient suitable one-or-two-roomed dwellings for old-age pensioners at low rents can the latter be persuaded to move out of under-occupied houses. Hence, not only must we provide enough homes; we must see that high rents do not prevent a family moving to a home the size it needs. Overcrowding will never be abolished, however many homes we build, without a national low rent policy. The landlords' present campaign for higher rents must be implacably resisted.

How big, then, is our national housing problem, apart from lack of amenities and bad social distribution? We are at least 2 million homes short to-day if we are to provide for all homeless households, "concealed families" and the special needs of the young. To this we must add the unfit homes. Lord Lloyd has estimated these at 4 million. If we accept this conservative estimate, we need a total of 6 million new homes at once. In addition, since 5 per cent. of homes are normally left vacant, and our present proportion is not likely to be much different from the 2.9 per cent. existing in 1931, we need another quarter of a million homes to provide adequate mobility. At the least, 6 million new homes therefore are needed immediately—only a million short of half our total stock.

Most of the 4 million unfit homes and the worst overcrowding are to be found in the seven great conurbations, and in the mining towns and villages. This decay is eating out the heart of industrial Britain; for the disease is located at the centre of our economic life, where most of the industrial working class is born, works and dies. Some of the urban families now in slum dwellings can be absorbed by the New Towns and Expanded Towns; others can be rehoused by conversion of good middle-class late nineteenth-century housing. But most must be rehoused within the cities themselves, where occupied slum housing still stands. It is this task of clearance and reconstruction that has hardly begun.

Merely to keep pace with "normal" replacement needs—setting 75 years as the maximum life of a house—Britain must build 140,000 new homes a year; and this figure will grow in the next few decades as the number of dwellings reaching seventy-five years old increases. If we add to this "normal" replacement rate a further annual figure to tackle the 1951 shortage of six million homes, the conclusion is that we have to build at least 400,000 homes every year, starting now, if every family which needs one is to have a fit home by 1974. At the same time we must install the missing amenities and see that the stock of houses is socially well distributed. The figure of 400,000 new homes a year may sound a lot, but it was the figure accepted as Labour Party policy in 1944.

The programme can be tackled, but only if we accept the full implications of making housing a social service, not a field for profitable private investment. What does this mean in practice? First, like any other social service, housing should be available according to need, not according to the tenant's ability to pay. If rents were reduced to the sum necessary to provide for maintenance and replacement on a non-profit-making basis—and low-interest loans are essential for this—rents could be both "economic" and within the reach of every working-class family. Indeed, it is arguable that the finance for housing as a social service should be provided out of taxation. The rents of new houses so financed could be reduced on the average by about 10s. a week. At present, the rising tendency of rents is a barrier in the way of curing maldistribution of accommodation.

Secondly, we must bring down building costs. Today this means that the constructional side of the building industry must be turned into a modern industry with its decisive sections under public ownership instead of being the obsolete but profitable private scramble it is now. We could hardly achieve and sustain a planned building programme of 400,000 houses without this, let alone reduce costs. By far the largest item in the cost of construction is the cost of materials. Nobody will deny that the building materials industries are highly monopolised, and if housing costs are to be reduced, public ownership in this field cannot stop at cement.

Thirdly, the land. If we redevelop the buildings of the central areas of our cities, without bringing the land on which they stand into public ownership, we are simply increasing their already high values to the sole benefit of the private ground landlord. It is in any case impossible to tackle the drastic replanning necessary without the public ownership of urban land. With the abolition of the present fantastic central area land values we could provide housing for those who need to live near the centres of our cities, without exacting high rents or providing high subsidies.

In short, a progressive housing policy must have five main aims: to increase our stock of homes to match the numbers of families needing them; to replace unfit homes; to add essential amenities to the homes which lack them but are otherwise worth keeping; to abolish overcrowding. Finally, we must adopt an ownership and rent policy which will permit these four objects to be achieved. These are the essentials of policy. The first step is to raise our output to 400,000 homes a year. The picture of Britain's housing today revealed by the Census shows that nothing less will do.

Stalin on Tito

[The person best qualified to write a review of *Tito Speaks*, by Vladimir Dedijer (*Weidenfeld & Nicolson*, 21s.) is J. V. Stalin. Being unable to contact this reviewer, we have had to imagine what he might have written in a moment of candour.]

CANDOUR is one of the privileges of power. It will annoy the Praesidium, especially Molotov—but what does that matter?—if I say what I think about Tito's account of his quarrel with the Kremlin. I make no ridiculous bourgeois pretence of impartiality. Even Tito, I hope, would not suggest that Dedijer's book tells the whole truth. The gaps are conspicuous even to the ignorant reader. But it frankly admits that Tito made mistakes. It will do no harm for once if I follow this example.

I am a realist, and believe, as other dictators have before me, in power; and I know that power must be supported by diplomacy, by long-thought-out strategy, by complete ruthlessness to all who attempt to thwart me. This has nothing to do, as the English weary the world by repeating, with the corruption that comes from power; I always knew this—long before we Bolshevists became the rulers of Russia. We had to destroy the anarchists and simpletons and idealists who would have been the unconscious tools of capitalism. We had to disregard the feelings of the peasants, who thought they had the land for themselves, when the time came to collectivise. We had to hasten on the preparations for the inevitable war; by a hair's breadth we succeeded in dividing our enemies, and contrived to have allies when Hitler invaded Russia.

Later in that war, because I still feared that these allies would double-cross us and make a premature peace with the Nazis, I abolished the Comintern and appeased the Churches. For a time, while Roosevelt was alive, it looked as if we could safely use American money to rebuild the vast areas of devastated Russia, and could divide up the world into spheres of influence. We had won the war with tanks and aircraft and a great trained and disciplined army; we learned many lessons from the Reichswehr. We knew from long experience that partisans and guerrilla forces could not withstand the organised force of a modern State. Never since the days of Trotsky had any of us imagined that Communism could expand except by the might of the U.S.S.R. Guerrilla forces could at best embarrass the enemy behind the lines. I willingly agreed with the Western Allies not to give aid to the Greek partisans: Greece came within their sphere of influence.

I was annoyed with the Yugoslavs from the beginning because their romantic ideas of war were a danger to this understanding with the West, which I well understood would not last, but which was necessary during a period of reconstruction, and necessary too if we were to hold off the American warmongers until we too had the atom bomb. Dedijer quite correctly reports that I told Tito that he must accept a broad front and allow King Peter to return, even if it meant getting rid of him at an early opportunity. It is true, too, that I scolded the Yugoslavs for helping the Greek Communists, and that I thought they would be pleased if I gave them permission to "swallow" Albania. Dedijer actually quotes this conversation with the idea of showing that there was something unusual

and shocking about that suggestion and about Molotov's correct remark that in diplomacy "swallowing" and "friendly and allied relations between two countries" are one and the same thing. Any of the great realistic French, German, English, or Russian statesmen who built their country's power in the past would have privately accepted this remark as a commonplace.

The Yugoslav partisans were hopelessly inflated by their military success. I agree that their achievement in defeating the Germans as well as the Italians, Hungarians and several large bodies of home-grown Fascists was much the most remarkable of any irregular army during the war. Unfortunately it left them with the illusion that they had played a substantial part in our victory over the Nazis. In this book, Tito produces correctly enough the telegrams that passed between his Headquarters and Moscow in the middle of the war. He never understood, as a good Communist should have done, that the only thing that mattered was final victory for Communism and Russia, and that if all the Yugoslav partisans had been wiped out, that in itself would have been of no particular importance. He assumed that when we did not send the help he demanded, it was because we disliked the independent action of his partisans. It is true that we were unwilling in any way to weaken our forces to overcome the technical difficulties in sending aid to Yugoslavia, but he misses the essential fact that we had to work with Churchill and Roosevelt and that we believed them to be supporting Mihailovitch. If Mr. Dedijer will look up the archives of the British Foreign Office, he will find that we suggested sending simultaneous aid to Mihailovitch and Tito, and learnt from the British that all the world's press was wrong in thinking that Mihailovitch was fighting the Germans, and that Tito's partisans were in charge, and that the British had perforce dropped Mihailovitch in favour of the Communists.

At the end of this book Tito makes a fair point, which I have never before admitted, when he says that our Intelligence Service is not as good as some of the sycophants who surround me pretend. It is one of the difficulties of dictatorship that people do not tell you the truth; it may be that our agents abroad, being good Communists, sometimes fear that they will be misunderstood if their reports do not confirm our Marxist expectations. We were certainly deceived about the strength of resistance in Finland and we underestimated the nationalism and courage of the Yugoslavs. Dedijer correctly reports my admission that I underestimated the Chinese Communists. I thought Chiang Kai-shek was safely in power, and that the Communists would only get us into trouble with the Allies if they attempted a premature revolution. I told them to go and liquidate themselves and make peace with Chiang. I did not foresee that American support of Chiang would drive large sections of the Chinese bourgeoisie on to Mao Tse-tung's side, or that, if they did so, American diplomacy would be so superbly wooden-headed that Peking, which might very easily have embarrassed us by an independent policy, would, in terms of military alliance, find itself indissolubly linked with Moscow.

I did not intend to run any such risk in the Balkans. Dedijer is quite right, of course, in pointing out that we deliberately picked a quarrel. I had no alternative. Tito, as Dedijer describes, was received all over Eastern Europe, not as if he were head of a small country, but almost as if he were a Generalissimo and a rival to myself. It is true that in general terms we supported federal ideas between Eastern European States, and that at one moment, when it became clear that the Bulgarian Government was thoroughly indoctrinated and willing to follow Russian policy, we even supported a proposal for a federation between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. But I used the negotiations between Dimitrov and Tito as a reason for attacking the Yugoslavs, and Dimitrov was easily squashed. It is true, as Dedijer says, that he was ill and no longer so tough. It was just as well he died when he did; Dedijer's story of his squeezing Tito's hands and bidding him be "firm" shows that it would have been necessary to purge him if he had lived.

We found, of course, all sorts of other reasons for attacking the Yugoslavs. We declared that they were not pursuing a Socialist policy; we analysed their economic blunders; we told them to organise the Yugoslav army on the Russian model and we actually succeeded in persuading them to accept a system of joint-stock companies for their air transport that gave us a very strong footing in the country. But it became obvious from their attitude that they intended an independent and dangerous policy and that they were having an effect on other countries. When we denounced them, of course, people like Rakosi, who must now be shaking in his shoes, and Gomulka, who, though a stout Communist, could never forget he was a Pole, fully supported the Soviet line. I assumed—again I admit my mistake—that Tito would never dare to publish our indictment and that loyal Yugoslav Communists would rid Yugoslavia of a leader who was condemned by Moscow. Reading the record now, I must also admit that we were mistaken in trying to please the Bulgarians, Rumanians, and Hungarians by telling them that they had fought just as well in the war as the Yugoslavs. It was this mistake which enabled Tito to rally the whole of Yugoslavia to his side; Yugoslavs seemed to be as patriotic as the Russians and not to need so much encouragement either.

By and large, I should say that my tactics in dealing with Tito have been my biggest mistake; the nuisance is that I cannot easily write off Yugoslavia, because it is strategically important, and its independence, while it claims to be Communist, is encouraging to doubtful elements throughout Eastern Europe. Perhaps I need hardly add that no genuine Leninist could entertain Tito's illusion that it is possible for a country to be Socialist while receiving aid from America and staying outside the pale of Soviet influence. Dedijer quotes Djilas as saying that the real issue between us is "whether Socialism is developed freely or through the expansion of the Soviet Union." Could anything be more naive?

Chiang's Island

(By a Correspondent)

CHIANG KAI-SHEK may talk of "operations" from Formosa against the mainland of China, but it is doubtful if he dare run the risk, even if it were feasible, of landing his troops in large numbers in the homeland. There is a distinct probability that they would make at once for their homes and relatives, by the shortest route. They are the same Chinese soldiers, grown older as a force because replacements are not available, who retreated before the Communists from one province to another and finally found refuge on Formosa in December, 1949. It is true that now they are paid, but pay is mostly in kind, food and clothing being reckoned a part of pay. To prevent commanders presenting swollen estimates as in the old days, every soldier is photographed and pay is made according to the number of photographs produced—no photograph, no pay. Even so, the soldiers' wages come from the Formosans, out of the budget of the Provincial Government. The number of effective troops is in the neighbourhood of 300,000, and considering the inadequate equipment placed at their disposal so far, they are well trained by General Sun Li-jen, a product of the Virginia Military Institute. Only in the past few months has Chiang summoned up the courage to retire hordes of redundant and intriguing Generals. The state of morale of the Air Force, until recently restricted to the use of obsolete machines, and contemplating the possibility of facing a Communist Air Force, flying Russian jets, can be imagined. Of late a selected number of pilots have been training with jet fighters in Arizona and it is to be assumed that Chiang may now receive a supply of American jets. For long the Nationalist Navy, with its few ancient craft, was ignored by the American Seventh Fleet, which carried out its patrols of the Straits without consulting or inviting the co-operation of the Chinese. Chiang's remnants have scarcely the spirit of an effective fighting force.

In fact, President Eisenhower's declaration implies the assumption of the offensive in the cold war, rather than any intended intensification of the hot war. In spite of Mr. Truman's "neutralisation" of the Straits, Chiang has been raiding the Chinese coast with as large groups as he dare risk. When the layman in his innocent acceptance of official statements assumed that attacks from Formosa had ceased, he overlooked the Pescadores, which lessen the distance to the mainland and, screened from public gaze, have been the base of great military activity. Truman's neutralising action concerned the Seventh Fleet; he said nothing about the American Air Force, which also maintains a continuous patrol of the Straits. When the Communists alleged that Formosa had been turned into an American air base, there was a strong denial and an assertion that the planes were based on Okinawa. The American pilots admit they have made use of the Pescadores. So no great change seems to be involved on the military side—unless the Communists are provoked to forceful reaction.

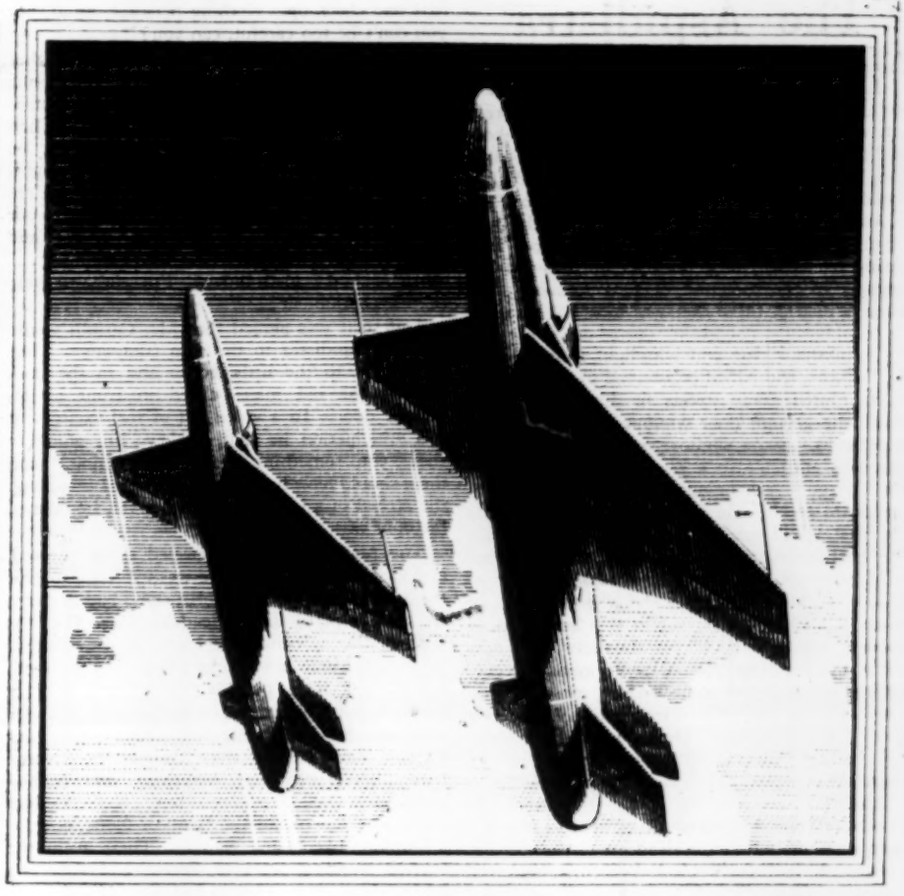
Pepped up by U.S. aid, Chiang and his clique live in a world of make-believe. Convinced that a Third World War is inevitable, although they profess not to look forward to it, they persuade themselves that their day will come again. The Kuomintang programme provides for the pre-reoccupation period, the reoccupation period and the post-reoccupation period. Frankly admitting the past failures of the party, its present leaders keep themselves engaged constantly "reforming" it. When I was in Formosa, I was shown what was then the latest of new programmes drawn up. The Party Secretary explained that he had spent the morning discussing it with the Chief and getting his approval. Among proposals that the Generalissimo had crossed out with his pen was one declaring: "We also advocate the rigid control of the banks." He could not afford to risk upsetting the bankers, who hold the balance of his funds. It is possible that the Chinese people have grown to hate their Communist rulers. It is clear from the opinions expressed by anti-Communist exiles that they have nothing but disgust for the discredited Kuomintang.

Chiang tells of shadow Governments ready to function in the Southern provinces and of hundreds of thousands of guerrillas in action. Neutral observers recently returned from China quote leaders in Peking as saying: "Chiang's

forces are nothing but a propaganda weapon. We have not the slightest fear of invasion from that quarter. The last of the Kuomintang forces were rounded-up long since and 300,000 were executed to make sure. The remainder submitted. Any invading body would be absorbed similarly. The former guerrilla chief is now a member of our General Staff. Chiang's plans, technique and dispositions are all known to us. What need we fear?"

Formosa wears a deceptive air of tranquillity and prosperity. The Formosans have developed, as have those who left Britain to found colonies overseas, into a distinctive people, but they dare not express their real opinions. It is dangerous for anyone to criticise the Kuomintang, the only party allowed to function. Chiang's Moscow-trained elder son, Major-General Ching-kuo, heads the secret police and, with everyone suspicious of and spying on everyone else, executions are frequent. When the Deputy Minister of Defence is found communicating by radio with the Red Government, who is there to be trusted? One at least—the able and energetic Governor K. C. Wu, who served the Chief faithfully and efficiently as Mayor of Hankow, Chungking and Shanghai in succession. Inheriting from the Japanese a highly organised and productive economy, he has governed the island with sense and enlightenment. Allowing Formosans who are willing to collaborate the majority of seats on the Provincial Government's Executive Council, he has reduced the farmers' rent burdens and done his best to root out the corruption minor officials brought over with them from the mainland. Government of Formosa is meant to be a model of what the Nationalists promise to perform in the sweet by and by when their dream of reoccupying China comes true.

In the Nationalist camp, faith in the United States will now be revived, whilst Britain is subjected to bitter criticism from both sides of the Straits. The fact that a British Consul is retained in Formosa is one of the main reasons given in Peking for refusal to extend diplomatic courtesies to the British envoy there. Chiang hotly resents British recognition of Mao's Government and barely tolerates the presence of our Consul. It is ironic that, although the British Government and Chiang do not "recognise" one another, the Union Jack flutters from the Consulate office in the main square of Taipeh where the Generalissimo daily attends his palatial Presidential office. Oddly enough, although the Formosans have struggled for centuries against foreign domination, and have old scores against the Chinese to pay off, a great deal of respect remains for the Japanese, who in the Peace Treaty ratified last year renounced all claims to Formosa and the Pescadores. The influence of that remarkable race permeates the island's life. Their delicate bamboo houses remain, their sulphur baths are still enjoyed and, throughout the length of the lovely island, good roads and railways, modern buildings, hydro-electric power plants, sugar mills, fruit canneries, textile factories and oil refineries remain as testimony to Japanese enterprise, skill and ingenuity. Come invaders, earthquakes or typhoons, the Formosans carry on with stoic cheerfulness, nourished by the most prolific crop of luscious fruits that Nature in her tropical generosity has provided. Before the Chinese, Japanese, American, British, Russians and others have finished contending over the fate of Formosa, the islanders hope that someone with a fidelity to democratic principles will give consideration to the longed-for freedom for Formosans themselves.



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The Aspidistra

A FILM company, making a small "scrapbook" of English domestic history as its contribution to Coronation year, needed for its Victorian sets an aspidistra. Leading florists, when asked, said that these plants had become so unfashionable that they were now practically extinct, and they could give no suggestions where to locate one.

An assistant director was then given the task of finding a privately-owned aspidistra, and hiring it. The young man set out bravely but vaguely in the direction of East London. He knew a district there that was most theatrical in its stubbornly persistent out-of-dateness—sets by Cruikshank, fog and lamplight from an idea by Dickens, and jellied eels served in the interval.

He toured many streets in this area, staring in all the ground floor windows, but he saw no aspidistras. Some windows resembled the green glaucous entrance to a sea-grotto, so thick was the foliage overhanging them, but it was not aspidistra green. He saw German helmets from the first world war made into hanging baskets for geraniums, and many ingenious ideas for window boxes, but they all contained more up-to-date plants. He found that the old pride of place of the aspidistra, set in the front parlour window where it could get the light, was now taken up by great plaster wolfhounds, greenly baying at some off-scene enemy, or coy little girls holding up their plaster skirts, and even more popular, plaster Dutch boys, hypnotised by genuine goldfish. All these he saw as he toured the streets, but never an aspidistra.

And then, towards the end of the afternoon, in a street where the lamp-posts bent as if weary with standing, where the windows of the cottage-houses all had curly black eyebrows, and the doors looked as though a blowlamp had been at them, he found one. It was a very fine specimen, sitting in a purple pot with gold handles, right in front of the window. Dark red chenille curtains gave the room behind a mysterious gloom, and showed off the glossy sword-like leaves.

The Assistant Director knocked at the door and prepared to say his set-piece. There was quite a long interval and then a little old woman in a black pinafore half opened the door. "Oh, please forgive me for disturbing you," said the A.D. in an ingratiating way, "but I am from a film company, and . . . "

"'E's out," she interrupted gently . . . "'E's gone for a walk."

"Well, perhaps you can help me, Madam. I couldn't help noticing your very fine aspidistra . . . "

"It's not mine. It's 'is," said the little old woman, "and 'e's out. 'E'll be back for 'is tea." She mournfully closed the door.

An hour later the young man returned and once more knocked at the door. This time it was opened with a rush, and out bounced a little red-faced man with a cap on the back of his bald head, and a white muffler round his neck. "Cariolli's the name," he said, as belligerent and as eager as a sparrow. "What's all this 'ere about film companies and my plant?"

The youth explained once more about the film and its tie-up with Coronation year; he stressed the dignity and the semi-official nature of the production. The old man rattled back at him like a peashooter. "Coronation year, eh? Made for the Government, eh? Well, no one can say Ernie Cariolli's not ready to oblige his country. Regular army, twenty-one years, that's me, and soldiered all through the 1914 little lot. But mind you, I'm not promising anything. Got to get on the phone to your boss, first and check up. Nothing personal, mind, but you can't be too careful, can you?"

The Assistant Director agreed, and together they went to the phone box outside the public library, where he mumbled some sort of introduction to his Production Manager. Then Ernie took over, "Cariolli's the name," he shouted down the phone. "That's right, Italian name, British born. About this 'ere aspidistra lark . . . as I was explaining to your young man, I did me bit in world war one, and I'll do it again if necessary . . . That's right, sir . . . yessir . . . very glad indeed, I'm sure, to help the Coronation, sir . . . "

And so it was agreed that Mr. Cariolli would hire his aspidistra to the film company. They went back to the little house and in the dark hallway the old man paused in front of his parlour door. In a voice full of real excitement and anticipation he said, "Now, I'm going to show you something that is something," and there should have been a roll of drums announcing the arrival of a long promised marvel, he opened the door with such a flourish.

The Assistant Director gasped as he entered, and well he might, for here was evidence to give the lie to all the superior florists who had declared the aspidistra to be as dead as the dodo. As well as the splendid specimen in the window there were three other large plants in this room, and several little potted shoots, in a sort of nursery. There wasn't much room left for furniture, so the family had spread itself out on the walls, which were completely covered with photographs and souvenirs, and framed certificates . . . . certificates for good conduct in Sunday school, for the Band of Hope, and for swimming twenty-five yards. There were the framed wedding lines of Ernest and Ada and under a glass dome what looked like the decoration from a wedding cake, two babies' shoes and some sea shells. There was a glass case filled with medals and regimental ribbons. In the midst of all this documentary evidence of family life sat the aspidistras in their glazed round pots, as sedate and complacent as Queen Victoria.

Mrs. Cariolli made an appearance now, and looked on sadly and jealously as her husband praised and stroked his hideous favourites. There was obviously no love lost between her and the potted beauties, and she soon faded forlornly away to the back of the house, which was not light nor warm enough for the aspidistra family but would serve herself and "'im."

With much ceremony and advice an aspidistra was finally selected to play its part in the Coronation film, and Mr. and Mrs. Cariolli both stood at their door and waved it good-bye.

The Assistant Director was impressed by all this devotion, and when the aspidistra sequence was shot he got a large still and sent it to the Cariollis. And when the shooting was all over and it was time to send back the "props," he went to Wilkin Street once more to bring the aspidistra home.

The Cariollis had invited a few neighbours in for the homecoming. In the parlour, the photograph of the Aspidistra was framed handsomely and hung in the place of honour over the mantelpiece, with a brightly coloured lithograph of Elizabeth and Philip on either side of it.

Ernie Cariolli received his aspidistra with tears in his fierce old eyes, and having examined it anxiously to see that it had come to no harm, he carried it proudly across the room and placed it back on its old bamboo perch, now tastefully draped with a small Union Jack.

MARY FRANCIS.

The Arts and Entertainment

THE PLEASURES OF ELEGANCE

SUPERB elegance—that is the pleasure to be savoured and enjoyed at the Savoy Theatre, where a dazzling cast is performing a version of Oscar Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance*. Elegance of language, elegance of mounting and elegance of comedy acting, these combine to produce an evening in the theatre of rare pleasure. Even supposing that the play is of small account (which I don't entirely admit), yet an all-round display of style achieved with such sureness of technique and taste is a delight in itself. If the first act (but I suspect that this was a second night accident) seems a little heavy, the second act (Wilde's second and third combined) sparkles and flashes brilliantly and continuously. How gloriously Miss Athene Seyler rattles on, the undaunted hostess riding the crests and manœuvring the troughs of conversation with equal sang-froid! How astringently Miss Jean Cadell unfolds her statements of social principle! How superbly Miss Isabel Jeans cascades a long *roulade* or times a wicked aside! With what a triumph of polish Mr. Clive Brook carries the graces of a mannered cad!

And these are only the principals in this comedy of manners where every part is perfectly in keeping and the producer, Mr. Michael Benthall, has kept them each in place. How easily the doddering Sir John Pontefract (William Mervyn), mildly correcting his wife from behind *The Times*, how easily he might have been overdone: how repetitive the young Lady Stutfield (Joan Benham) might in other hands have seemed, with her "very, very interesting's" and "very, very true's": how unbearable, if not stringently disciplined, could be the Archdeacon's harping on his wife's ailments. But the producer's hand was everywhere visible, insistently urging restraint and discretion—the prime virtues in the comedy of manners—and the actors responded admirably.

For it is simply as a comedy of manners that the play has been treated, a step on the progress towards *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and this is surely venial. The plot is only a tiresome contemporary convention. We don't cavil overmuch at Shakespeare's ridiculous twins or Congreve's incredible mistaken identities. Why should we boggle at the Wronged Woman and the Illegitimate Son? Of course it is true that Wilde in his own last act took these figments more seriously than they warranted. But in this production an unacknowledged adaptor has taken very considerable liberties. Forgivably so. We couldn't, at this date, stomach the full blast of The Unmarried Mother expressing herself in the most purple of *fin-de-siècle* prose. Could we but giggle at sentiments such as these?

> You thought I was happier working amongst the poor. That was my mission, you imagined. It was not, but where else was I to go? The sick do not ask if the hand that smooths their pillow is pure, nor the dying care if the lips that touch their brow have known the kiss of sin.

And so on for two long pages. This strand has been ruthlessly excised, to our great gain.

More questionable are the additions an ingenious pasticheur or paste-and-scissors man has woven in. The whole of the passage where the Hunstanton party make their second entrance to Mrs. Arbuthnot's house is fake. It is mostly good fake, and I should only quarrel with one item, the inclusion of Lord Illingworth in the party. After the brilliantly conducted scene between him and his ex-mistress, his reappearance is unthinkable. That little scene which, when you come to think about it, must have been supremely difficult to write, is one of Wilde's remarkable dramatic strokes. And here, too, we saw the great point of having Mr. Clive Brook in the cast. Some may find (personally I do not) his particular affectation of speech not perfectly appropriate for

The ERCOLion woos the ladies

"O women in your hours of ease, uncertain, coy and hard to please," *whispered the ERCOLion, blushing shyly at his burst into verse,* "you needn't be chairy at entrusting your hours of ease to my latest fire-side chair. It will accommodate hours of knitting or sitting, reading or writing, without the slightest discomfort. In fact, the harder you are to please, the softer you will find the foam-rubber cushion and the perfectly shaped back. The natural light waxed finish, the quiet charm and handsome shape give it an introduction to the finest homes, and good furniture shops will be happy to introduce it to you."

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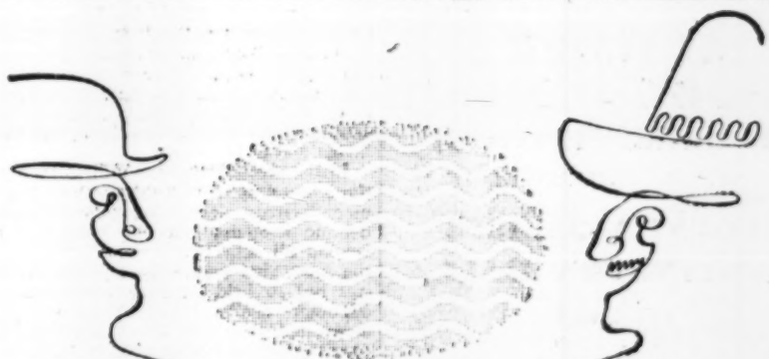

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Lord Illingworth's line of epigram, though everyone must appreciate the graceful ease he lends to the part. But I couldn't think of a single other actor who could carry off this poised display of arrogance, ill-judged charm and caddishness. Mr. Brook was perfect.

Lord Illingworth's epigrams are, anyhow, the lines that least amuse us now. Not because they are not brilliant, for they are. It is customary to dismiss them these days as the sort of thing any clever undergraduate can reel off; some dramatic critics even think they compose them in their sleep. Contemporary comedy might be a lot funnier than it is if that were only so. What is true is that they have been over-quoted, and it is also true that half their point derived from the particular social climate into which they were first fired. On the other hand, no longer dazzled by them, we can enjoy all the more all the other ingredients in the comedy, the continuously elegant turns of phrase, the less flashy ironies and the character observations which abound and which this brilliant cast and this imaginative production bring vividly to life.

There remains to congratulate Mr. Loudon Sainthill on the splendour of his décor. It is a just criticism, I agree, that it is altogether too splendiferous. When the women come into the drawing-room one by one at the beginning of the second act, part of the audience is moved to clap them each as if this were a mannequin show. Mr. Sainthill must have blushed at this. For, of course, a serious designer such as Mr. Sainthill attempts in his costumes and settings to get behind the spirit of a play, not to obtrude his talent upon it. And in this scene there ought to be a much more defined distinction (the same sort of fault was shown in his recent *Richard II*) between the dowdy Lady Pontefract, the well-dressed Miss Worsley, the over-dressed Mrs. Allonby and the plainly dressed Mrs. Arbuthnot; nor was Mrs. Arbuthnot's too tasteful sitting-room at all appropriate for a room which Lady Hunstanton ironically describes as "nice and old fashioned" (just as actors of the old times had to suggest non-existent scenery by their words, so actors of our times have to de-suggest the all-too-existent scenery by theirs). Still, that said, no one can deny extreme elegance to Mr. Sainthill's designs, and elegance, as I began by saying, is the prime pleasure of the evening.

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GISELLE

GISELLE was first produced in Paris in 1841. It was written by Théophile Gautier, based on an idea by Heine, and, being the melodramatic story of a Rhineland maiden deceived in love and transformed into a Wili, is strongly flavoured by the German romanticism of the time. In conveying this atmosphere the Sadler's Wells production at Covent Garden is most successful, while the first cast show a spirit and intelligence that make the ballet delightful to watch. From the caddish hero and honourable villain of Messrs. Soames and Edwards to the nervously distressed mother of Elizabeth Kennedy, the supporting company is excellent. Brian Shaw dances superbly in the *pas de deux*, moving with that complete control and confidence that make every other dancer—however otherwise captivating—look a little sloppy. But the important event is Violetta Elvin's debut as Giselle herself. She plays this part with great excellence, showing a spring freshness that seems to me a lovely development; and although she under-acts the mad scene in a rather cowardly fashion it is, nevertheless, held together by her highly professional sense of timing.

Seeing this same scene played a few days later by Moira Shearer—now a guest artist of the company—I was struck by her bolder attack, though she otherwise acts a very cool-spirited Giselle. Miss Shearer deserves honour for the not entirely successful attempt, since this melodramatic climax to the first act has in latter years deteriorated into a mildly temperamental outburst, followed by heart failure—not heartbreak—on the heroine's part. It is time that Markova, who could draw tears from the eyes of those on the stage with her, gave some coaching to our present-day ballerinas in the heart-rending horror of Giselle's madness. At present it seems to be confused with Ophelia's madness, and all turns to favour and to prettiness.

In the second act, as a Wili, Miss Elvin lacks the ethereal spirit of a fairy wafting through the moonlit trees, nor is her footwork finished or delicate enough; yet she holds her audience beyond all expectation because she has one of the most vital personalities in the company. I was not so held by Miss Shearer in this act, although she dances beautifully with her attenuated legs and arms, her legs especially moving with a finesse that is seldom attained. But there is a sense of strain about her dancing that shows itself in her neck. The neck of the female dancer is very revealing; it has a character of its own which either gives harmony to the head and body or dislocates them. It is one of the first places where physical stress or nervous tension can be seen by the audience, and since it is usually highly exposed to view should be given more attention in training; for the pretty smile is most terrible above the neck that is strung and distended with straining muscles. It strikes me that there are few principal dancers over twenty-five among the girls who are free from this neck strain. Julia Farron is noticeably so in the *pas de deux* from *Les Patineurs*, which she dances with a sweeping grace. In this ballet the *fouettés* of Rowena Jackson must be noted, for she performs these difficult turns with a speed and sharp brilliance that I have never seen equalled, and which give meaning to a *tour de force* that for me never came off till now. Other first-class performances are given by Pauline Clayden and Pamela May in *Bonne-Bouche*, where the whole company is exceedingly humorous; in fact this farce by John Cranko wears well.

ANNABEL FARJEON

TURNER RESURGENT

ROGER FRY preferred Constable to Turner, because his vision was direct, observant, simple, where Turner's was a complex of intangibilities, subtle in form and, in its general organisation, very much contrived. Turner, said Fry, knew all the tricks of the trade; was an arch-composer who could "make a picture" out of anything, being a man of incredible skill and knowledge—the knowledge of appearances was for him what a wide vocabulary is for a writer. The exact and most typical contour or silhouette of alp, mountain torrent, breaking sea-wave or cathedral arch was something Turner could conjure up on paper or canvas at will and, what is more, could then assemble in terms of panoramic grandeur. And all this, more or less, from memory—which is what Fry found suspect; because he venerated that candour of observation which, in its very bite upon visual reality, so often militates against compositional grandeur, a grandeur subjective in its origins and not easily reconciled with the sensory veracity which checks everything against the visual data.

Turner, however, early on in his career, came to terms with the visual data of the world, mastering it with that apparent lack of effort which, again, Fry found a sin; since it was unlike Cézanne, perhaps. Having acquainted himself with all the laws and the mysteries of natural appearances, Turner ranged over half Europe in order to supply himself with an ever-increasing repertoire of natural forms to play with—both of landscape, architecture, rocks, trees and skies. Then, with these firmly in his possession, he was at last free to sit back and weave those fantastic compositions, gigantic in their implied scale, heroic in their architectonic organisation, in which the properties of landscape are thrown together with the same easeful purpose with which one reorganises the furniture of a room. But the subject of these pictures is always light. The density of opalescent air is even more important than the objects that that air envelops. An abstract harmony of lights and shadows, of opaque or transparent surfaces, seems to have been Turner's aim; and in this he was certainly one of the most revolutionary painters that has ever lived. Indeed, in his preoccupation with light, and its concomitant, space, he was exploring the special ground of painters who would be alive a century after his own death.

Nothing could have been better designed to force us to reconsider Fry's verdict on Turner than the present very excellent exhibition which the director, Mr. Bryan Robertson, has arranged at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. First, Mr. Robertson has transformed a dingy cavern of a gallery into a luminous cave, whose off-white,

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pale blue and grey-mauve ceiling and walls re-echo with perfect "acoustics" the blue and gold "chords" emitted by these Turners. Secondly, he has made a selection of 224 items (oils, water-colours and pencil drawings) which are not only of an almost uniform excellence but which manage—equally important, this, if we are to be shaken into a reassessment—to be largely unfamiliar to a London audience. Thus that huge masterpiece, *The Dort Packet-Boat from Rotterdam, Becalmed,* lent by Major Horton-Fawkes, is here on view for the first time for very many years, as also, I believe, are the Earl of Rosebery's two superb Roman landscapes; Sir Kenneth Clark's *Seascape—Possibly Folkestone*; Mr. J. Wyndham's *Brighton from the Sea: The Old Chain Pier*; and Lord Grimthorpe's glittering *Venice from the Guidecca*—which has never before been shown in London—to name only the most brilliant examples.

The Dort at first glance, and viewed from too close, is an airless Dutch landscape in which the sort of finish and detail bestowed on hull and rigging is so precise and minute as to suggest forms of altogether the wrong scale: the forms of still life. It is not until one steps back that the miraculously luminous tonal quality invades the umbers and greys of water, sail and sky; thus bestowing a sense of outdoor space that is utterly masterly in its grasp. The achievement of such breadth *through* a precise and highly informative detail is one of the forgotten glories of painting. Delacroix is perhaps the last exponent of this: breadth in his successors has been achieved in place of detail and not in addition to it.

It was because he had travelled this way, digesting detail instead of by-passing it, that the exceptional breadth, even the abstraction, of the later Turner is so potent. Fry was, of course, quite right in drawing attention to Turner's "picture-making." This, precisely, is what he did. He was not interested in that form of pictorial empiricism which tests itself against "experience in front of Nature." He was concerned to project a subjective dream; a dream-image constructed out of light and air and those visual appearances which he cared to employ. No wonder that his rhythms are somewhat repetitive: that his compositions return again and again to an ovoid construction—an "artificial" device which tends to leave the corners of the canvas empty. And so on. What is today surprising is that Fry should have applied this criterion of observation, or empiricism. Nothing is clearer to us than that Turner, like every important living painter today, was a subjective artist, weaving fantasies, not only out of the stuff of luminous air, but around the chosen symbols of his art: a pale disc glittering at the bottom of a tunnel of cobalt dots—the moon: a ladder of yellow bars—the sun's light on the sea. And it was Fry's own Cézanne who, in recent times, decisively rejected an empiricism of the visual sense and sent modern art burrowing into subjectivity. Even if you hold, as I do, that a subjective content is best conveyed by artists who, like Turner or Cézanne, have mastered an empirical observation of appearances, it is still strange that Fry should not have been able to concede to Turner his special subjectivity.

PATRICK HERON

TELEVISION NOTES

THE hideous plight of the television producer is equivalent to that of Michelangelo forced by a despotic Pope to make sculptures out of snow. Overnight almost, the difficult creation, the solution of so many different problems, melts away. Thus, there seems little point in complaining of the scamped, under-rehearsed, miscast, slapped-on appearance of most productions, of a failure to make the cameras compel attention and specially interpret the script for the screen. Rather with a bird-watcher's devoted fortitude the television critic (should one say tele-critic?), having more or less given up social life, must resign himself to a long nightly patience in the hope of catching an occasional cheering glimpse of the real distinguished thing. Let us therefore pass without comment over the tedium of *The Gay Lord Quex*, of this month's atomic play and of Mr. Robert Kemp's novelettish Scots piece about Burns's mistresses and continue to aim the sights as high as we possibly can. Does anything at all come in range?

Two inside productions at least. Among an exceptionally strong cast, I shall long remember Siobhan McKenna as Brigid, the vision-seeing servant girl, in Paul Vincent Carroll's *Shadow and Substance*. This shapeless, blathering Irish play hints all the time at profundities that it never quite plumbs; but the absorbing tangle of its action finally comes to a head in a most effective climax when Brigid, having (like the Saint) had the beauty of her face destroyed is carried in to die before the tyrannical Canon, played here with a halting severity by Basil Sydney. This wonderful chance for a moving close-up was badly muffed, though, by the make-up department. Instead of her miraculous mutilation—the "substance" of the title?—Brigid appeared on the screen with only a ludicrous smudge of shoe-black (so it seemed) on her cheek.

The production, as well as a brilliant television début from George Devine, superbly carried off Mr. Nigel Kneale's experiment of turning Tchekhov's story about a dying actor into a short play, *Curtain Down*. Making an inventive use of the back-stage set, the producer (Tony Richardson) concentrated on the tragi-comic self-absorption of these Tchekhovian actors while in visual terms he imposed on their antics a mounting sense of doom and irony; after a succession of farcical shots of bottles of cheap medicine being perfunctorily poured down Mr. Devine's throat in close-up, the breaking through of the real with the Clown's unexpected, "What have they done to you?" was most poignant. In its minor way, this was an experience.

Alas, if only one could pass over *Our Marie!* But the misfire here was quite unnecessary; the subject, Marie Lloyd, was full of possibilities and none of them was exploited. The previous programme in this nostalgic series, *The Passing Show*, on George Edwardes, was much better, not merely because of a succession of well-staged and accurately reconstructed song-and-dance numbers, but because it did attempt a definite interpretation. Here (despite Pat Kirkwood's abundant performance) there was nothing at all to show what made Marie Lloyd the epoch-marking and expressive figure our elders tell us she was. The research went exclusively into crudely dramatised biographical gossip.

Turning to outside programmes the *Special Enquiry* series which recently investigated *Leisure* in the Black Country has proved that there really is no middle way between the spontaneous and the acted. The carefully rehearsed interview which pretends to be spontaneous appears on the screen as merely faked. How rewarding, by contrast, was our visit with Berkeley Smith to the pottery students at the Central School! Absorbed and envious we watched, eager ourselves to throw a pot so easy the coaxing motion seemed, until at the end the interviewer fatally tried. Never once here as they threw, glazed, baked and decorated did we feel that the potters were conscious they were on television.

ANTHONY CURTIS

THE MOVIES

"The Little World of Don Camillo," at the Rialto and the Continentale
"Appointment in London," at the Leicester Square
"The Net," at the Odeon

As everyone knows, there has been a festival week of French films. The Queen chanced well, with René Clair's *Les Belles de le Nuit*: an agreeable change, I should think, Royal Performances being usually directed to the excesses in Anglo-American screen-mongering. I shouldn't say this was best Clair: what he achieved by impulse in the days of *Le Million* and *A Nous la Liberté*

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RECORDS

In January of this year, The Decca Record Company Ltd. issued in England the first Brunswick L.P.s of classical music. A further six classical L.P.s were issued this month, and more are due to be released in March. Here is a selection from those already available. For details of the others, please ask your dealer, or write direct to us, for the latest L.P. supplements.

MOZART
Concerto in A major
for Clarinet and Orchestra, K.622
REGINALD KELL (Clarinet)
with THE ZIMBLER SINFONIETTA
AXL 2002

Quintet in A major
for Clarinet and Strings, K.581
THE FINE ARTS QUARTET and
REGINALD KELL (Clarinet)
AXTL 1007

BRAHMS
Quintet in B minor
for Clarinet and Strings, Op. 115
THE FINE ARTS QUARTET and
REGINALD KELL (Clarinet)
AXTL 1008

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI
Concerto No. 6 in F major for Strings
and
TARTINI
Concerto in E major
for Violin and Strings (a);
VIVALDI
Concerto in G major for 'Cello,
Strings and Harpsichord (b)
and
ALBINONI
Sonata in G minor for Strings, Op. 2, No. 6
THE VIRTUOSI DI ROMA
conducted by RENATA FASANO
Soloists: (a) LUIGI FERRO (Violin)
(b) MASSIMO AMFITEATROF ('Cello)
AXTL 1004

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must be strained after now with the skill, for years misapplied, of a lifetime. But from Clair *redivivus* this is certainly the best. It's as near the old gaiety as we can get: a borderland between garret and Arcadia, a Walter Mitty brought to life, the bed given its value as dreaming ground. To and fro fancy sweeps, between What Might Be at a distance of space and time and what is, for a penniless musician. He, Gérard, Philipe, fairly rushes out of a hard world to bed, to resume visions of old battles and harems, the girl and the Bastille. His loves and acquaintances people, far more satisfactorily, his dreams. And there's no moral, no winding-up, just the exaltations and fun of a bed-attachment second only to Oblomov's. Why isn't this—seemingly as gay—as good as *Le Million*? It lacks nothing but the quick touch. Go and visit, at the Everyman, *An Italian Straw Hat*, which is showing till March 1, and thereafter *A Nous La Liberté* indefinitely, and you will *see* the distinction.

The other success of this festival, Duvivier's *The Little World of Don Camillo*, follows on at once with a run at the Rialto. Here is the equivalent of an Ealing film: script-writer's village, feud between priest and mayor, balance between Catholicism and Communism, littleness and laughter and tears, and (where we might turn up Guinness) Fernandel. Horse-face is the priest who fights the Reds tooth and nail, runs splay-footed, has to meet the verbal rebukes not only of his bishop, but of the Lord. Charming, indeed, in his practicality, his zeal, you will find him. The whole film beguiles and touches, and puts one into a mood to accept its over-simplicities. Nevertheless, one doesn't quite yield. The opening dialogue under the altar between hasty priest and reasonable God is not only over-long but over-whimsical. One may forgive this when mundane affairs get going, yet the reservation was justified (and not merely Puritan recoil), because a climax is found in the priest striding out through hostile streets holding aloft his Crucified One: a moment as artificially intense as the other was artificially relaxed. Sentimentality, it seems to me, is not necessarily bad in itself; but it must be all of a piece. You can't hope to juggle with different kinds of sentimentality. This Duvivier (and presumably his Italian author in its background) attempts to do; and the *terribilità* of his climax, without antecedents, therefore falls short. Still, I don't wish to magnify the weakness in a film that, generally speaking, achieves as well as it aims. It points the irreproachable moral that between the Only Light and the Red Dawn there can be nothing but warfare; but that men of the same village are men first and crusaders after. Londoners have the choice, by the way, of enjoying this film either in French at the Rialto or in Italian at the Continentale.

Appointment in London and *The Net* resume the air offensive launched some little while ago by British studios. The first is a long, conscientious revival of Bomber Command days, with a mission-fagged hero and a climactic raid over Germany, massively built up, which deserves a less hackneyed story. *The Net* doesn't pretend to be anything more than a through-the-sound-barrier thriller; *its* climax consists of a power dive during which villain and hero fight for a revolver to decide whether their plane shall join the Missing Diplomats.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Opposing Forces": Paintings by Seven Artists, at the I.C.A.

An unfortunate consequence of the I.C.A.'s proclaimed intention to become a "laboratory of the arts," is that its exhibitions of painting tend, with almost uniform monotony, to ferret out the more extreme and experimental aspects of contemporary art. Laboratory implies experiment. Yet good painting, modern or otherwise, is not experimental: on the contrary, it firmly embodies the most solid discoveries. "I do not search: I find!" protested Picasso. Work that reeks of experimentation is not ready for exhibition: it should remain in the studio—the only legitimate "laboratory" where painting is concerned. Yet once again the I.C.A.'s walls are hung with the experimental; with the works of the less significant exponents of a movement. Nor is the title helpful, since all seven painters are swimming in much the same direction: in their various ways they all belong to the decorative wing of the present non-figurative movement. In their various ways they all fill out a canvas with a texture of markings, even in consistency, which is utterly devoid of spatial or architectonic qualities or of structural interest. Textural interest alone remains; for, along with structure, image is banished. Jackson Pollock, the American, a follower, Riopelle, and Mathieu are the most interesting of these artists. And Pollock is the inventor of a method now famous: the picture is made by pouring quick-drying paint on to a horizontal canvas from tins. The result is as mechanical as the method. Though sometimes promising drama, such works lack the personal nervous vibration a brush may impart but poured liquid denies. They are also limited to a vocabulary of trailed lines, blobs and splotches. Mathieu is different: at one moment he is like a weaker Hartung, at another he scribbles furiously with a tube. Curiously enough the fury produces only harmless decoration. Michaux, Osorio, Serpan and Francis produce nerveless variations on simpler themes. But why give us these when the best non-figurative painters in Paris remain virtually unknown here?

P. H.

"Nelson," at the Wigmore Hall

Lennox Berkeley, whose reputation has been won in the smaller forms, has boldly tackled a Grand Historical Opera on the subject of Lord Nelson. Rather more than half of the score was given last Saturday, in concert form and with piano accompaniment, by the English Opera Group; and the experiment was surprisingly successful. So far as can be judged, the libretto of Alan Pryce-Jones neatly condenses into three acts the main conflicts of Nelson's life between his arrival at Naples in 1798 and his death in the cockpit of the *Victory*. Such a line as "Drat the scoundrels!" shows how hard it is to banish the spectre of Opera in English; but most of the text sounded clear and effective. More important, it has encouraged the composer to write in a flowing lyrical manner far removed from the perpetual near-recitative which is the bane of much modern opera. Even the lesser characters, notably Mrs. Cadogan (Emma Hamilton's mother), are conceived in clear musical terms; and the small episode in which Nelson is persuaded by Mrs. Cadogan to see a fortune-teller shows a real grasp of musical stagecraft. A reflective quartet for the Nelsons and the Hamiltons and a long duet for the celebrated lovers are outstanding features of the second act. It is questionable whether, in the process of broadening his style, Berkeley has not admitted an occasional element of commonplace. If so, it is a venial fault: Nelson was a theatrical character, and opera cannot afford to speak the austere language of chamber music.

D. S.-T.

Correspondence

THE CASE OF LEE TEN TAI

SIR,—Lee Ten Tai is a 24-year-old Chinese girl who for the last five months has lain in the condemned cell of a prison at Taiping in the State of Perak, Malaya, and whose appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council for leave to appeal against sentence of death was refused on Tuesday. She was alleged to be a bandit and a top-ranking woman Communist member of a gang whose primary object was the killing of Europeans. The specific charge against her was the possession of a hand grenade, and for that the penalty is death. The same penalty applies to any person who carries or has in his possession any "explosive . . . manufactured with a view to produce a practical effect by explosion or a pyrotechnic effect" which, under the Emergency Regulations, includes "fog signals, fireworks, fuses, rockets. . . ."

Lee Ten Tai was carrying no grenade when she was arrested, but she was charged with having one in her possession between July 15, 1948 and September, 1951, in five different places in Ipoh. Her defence was that at the beginning of 1948 she went to live with her sister in Singapore and stayed with her until 1950. She denied having lived in the jungle during her visit to Ipoh in 1950, and said that the photographs were not of her.

Nine of the witnesses who testified against Lee Ten Tai were ex-bandits "owing their lives to the mercy of the Government" as Defence Counsel was quick to point out. One of these men had been pardoned; the others had not. The inference is clear, and the judge properly directed that these witnesses should be treated as accomplices and that evidence of corroboration was necessary before their testimony could be believed.

Additional evidence was provided by photographs purporting to show Lee Ten Tai in uniform and carrying a grenade. These were found by a "bandit-turned-policeman" in a raid on a cave which took place some months before the girl's arrest and by which she was "identified." Further evidence of identification came from a police inspector who swore

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that three years before the trial, he had seen, through binoculars and at a range of some 40 yards, a woman whom he now identified as the prisoner.

It was on the basis of this slender evidence that the trial began. The Criminal Procedure Code under which it was held does not apply to Penang, Malacca or Singapore. Had Lee Ten Tai been charged in Penang, a hundred miles distant, she would have had a jury under the Straits Settlement Code. As it was, she was tried by a judge sitting with two assessors. The official defence of the assessor system is that the people are not sufficiently developed and literate in English to be able to accept the responsibilities of the jury system, and are not yet free of pressures and influences that might be used upon them. This defence ignores the facts that the law of the country provided for the jury system as long ago as 1927 and that two English language newspapers are bought by 100,000 people every day.

The two assessors who sat with the judge were Asians, an Indian and a Chinese. They found Lee Ten Tai not guilty. Acting entirely within his rights, the judge ordered a retrial; his power to do so cannot be challenged, for the law says . . . "if the Court is unable to agree with the opinion of both the assessors . . . the proceedings shall be stayed and a new trial held with the aid of fresh assessors." But it is unusual for a second trial to follow a unanimous verdict of the assessors. A European was charged at Ipoh on August 27, 1949, with the murder of a Chinese girl. Both assessors found him not guilty. The judge disagreed and ordered a new trial. But the Attorney-General of the State of Perak intervened at this point and the charge against him was withdrawn. No such intervention took place on behalf of Lee Ten Tai.

The prisoner was retried ten days later, this time before another judge. On this occasion a European and an Asian assessor were appointed. This was the first time on record that a European had been chosen from the panel to serve as an assessor in a trial of an Asian in the Perak High Court for offences against the Emergency Regulations. Naturally the prisoner objected. Unfortunately she could only do so in Chinese, and what she said was not translated to the judge, who told her to stop talking as she was only prejudicing her case.

At the end of the trial the European assessor found her guilty, while the Asian voted her innocent. The judge agreed with the European, who thus became the only one of the four assessors to have his view accepted by the Bench. The death sentence was pronounced.

Lee Ten Tai appealed to the Malayan Court of Appeal. Three judges handed down a two to one verdict against her. She then appealed, as a pauper, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council with the result announced on Tuesday. Maybe she was encouraged to appeal by what took place after the Bertha Hertog riots in Singapore. In those riots several Europeans were murdered and a number of people were sentenced to death. Applications to the High Court of Malaya for leave to appeal on their behalf to the Privy Council were refused, but nevertheless all the sentences were commuted.

Asians in Malaya have been following this case with burning interest. In other Asian countries, too, the fate of Lee Ten Tai is of deep concern. The belief that British justice has stumbled can only be destroyed by the reprieve of Lee Ten Tai and the immediate introduction of the jury system throughout the whole Federation.

House of Commons. LESLIE PLUMMER

MR. DULLES AND EUROPE

SIR,—While I agree that "practically all sections of British opinion believe that an Anglo-American alliance is unavoidable," may I express the anxiety shared by some members of all parties and of none about the outcome of this collaboration?

The concern I felt at reading the State of the Union message was not only about Formosa, but that there was nothing in that message to show that America, the accepted leader of the West, had any positive policy for peace. Has then rearmament become an alternative to having a foreign policy? Wasn't the object of Western rearmament to obtain the strength from which to *negotiate*? There appears in the Eisenhower message little willingness to negotiate that *modus vivendi* which must be reached if world war is to be avoided.

Perhaps even more important than the statement on Formosa was Eisenhower's declaration: "We have learned that the free world cannot indefinitely remain in a posture of paralysed tension, leaving forever to the aggressor the choice of time and place and means to cause greatest hurt to us at least cost to himself." What is the implication here? Does it simply mean that attack is the best defence, and are we then to find that what was to have been a mutual security alliance has led us unwittingly into partnership in a defensive war?

There is little doubt, whatever the incident which evoked a major war between America and Russia, this country would be in it from the start. We should therefore make it clear to the new President at this stage that Britain will not remain in the alliance at all if his Administration indulges in provocative incidents, and we must mean what we say. We need not fear that we should be alone; a recent tour of Europe and Scandinavia convinces me that half America's allies would support a strong lead from us to restrain Dulles and his friends from plunging the world into a third and illimitable catastrophe. SYDNEY HYAM

48 Park Avenue, Hounslow,
Middlesex.

INDIA'S CHEQUERED PROGRESS

SIR,—How far can the friends of India help forward the ideal of social service and practical self-help which were the essence of the Gandhian doctrine? This question is asked in your article of January 31 commemorating the third anniversary of the proclamation of the Indian Republic. I should like to give one example of help.

The International Voluntary Service for Peace has, at the invitation of the Indian Government, been holding work camps in India continuously for the past three years. Small international teams have been undertaking specific work projects in refugee resettlement townships and in scattered villages where building or other manual work is required. I have been working in these small projects in India for the last two years. The important thing about them is that they provide inspiration, encouragement and a channel for social service not merely for a handful of foreigners, but for the hundreds of young Indians, who, for periods ranging from two weeks to fourteen months, have worked with the teams in Faridabad, Assam, Himachal Pradesh, Ahmedabad or Hyderabad. I know that the spirit of these camps, where ideals are anchored to the firm foundation of hard manual work for a needy community, not only removes prejudices of the past, but above all gives a new impetus "to build the India that is free." The camps present a challenge to all taking part, the challenge often voiced by Pandit Nehru, to a different kind of life, based not on a desire for gain and security but where service for others is the first consideration.

DOROTHY ABBOTT

International Voluntary Service for Peace,
3 Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.

NEW TOWNS

SIR,—Norman MacKenzie's article on "London's New Towns" was timely and stimulating. I only wish to correct a statement of fact which might lead to some misunderstanding. Mr. MacKenzie says that the New Towns receive no subsidy from the rates. That is literally true, but they do receive the full housing subsidy of £35 12/- per annum. The proportion of it which normally comes from the rates (£8 18/-) is paid (like the rest of it) by the Exchequer in the case of the New Towns.

As Mr. MacKenzie says, the rents charged by the New Towns must compare unfavourably with those charged by the Local Councils not only because the New Towns, being "rent restricted," cannot spread rising costs over old as well as new houses, but because they must charge the "economic" rent and cannot give an extra subsidy, as all Councils can, and some do, out of rateable income. But Mr. MacKenzie might

HEAD OF A WARRIOR, by Leonardo da Vinci; a study in red chalk drawn for the cartoon of "The Battle of Anghiari". The actual painting on the wall of the Hall of Council, Florence, has long since disintegrated. If it had not been for the paper on which Leonardo made his preliminary studies in 1504 all record of one of the finest works of this amazing genius would have been lost to posterity. In the reproduction of great works of art the printer and the paper-maker have combined to bring the masterpieces of the world to those denied an opportunity of visiting the famous art galleries. The spread of culture depends on paper, for on paper reprinting can retain knowledge and culture for ever.

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have added that the cost of public services in the New Towns is chargeable over shop properties and factories as well as over houses.

Hinton Manor, Berkshire. NICHOLAS DAVENPORT

"THE BIG FOUR AND THE BIG STICK"

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Balfour, says that the unions mentioned in your article, "The Big Four and the Big Stick" (the T. & G.W., N.U.G.M.W. and N.U.M. in particular), have gone to great lengths to ensure democratic participation, but that their ordinary membership is apathetic, and yet that unspecified numbers of miners do not associate themselves with Sir Will Lawther's views. Doesn't his enigmatic last sentence suggest either that the rank-and-file are completely divorced from Smith Square by the complex structure which separates them, or that trade union democracy exists only at the branch level?

Is it not the case that previous experience in some position within a union gives twofold advantages to anyone standing for office by providing evidence of capacity in the job, and by publicising the name widely? Only in this sense are leaderships self-perpetuating.

The activities of most trade union leaders are still, in spite of publicity given to their political remarks, mainly industrial. Those unions represented on the National Executive of the Labour Party, for example, are usually represented by the Assistant General Secretary, not by the General Secretary himself, who may nevertheless be a member of the General Council of the T.U.C., reflecting the lesser place given to politics. Likewise with the excellent educational programmes of several, particularly the general, unions. Unless courses on Economics and Modern Political Doctrines are counted as political, most of the subjects cover the functioning of the union, internally and *vis-à-vis* the industries concerned, and general cultural subjects.

Sir Will Lawther's strange remarks apart, a union whose industry has moved, albeit in a favourable economic climate, from near the bottom of a list of industries ranged in order of average weekly earnings per man to the top must be pretty efficient in the attainment of its primary economic goals.

On the other hand, while policy is laid down by the conference of the union, so far as it can be, decisions have to be made about unforeseen events between conferences (which in some unions occur at more than yearly intervals). It is possibly over these that "the rank-and-file trade unionist has little chance of expressing his discontent," if you mean until the next conference. Even then such disagreement in the face of quasi-regular industrial successes of the last few years must have seemed churlish to the majority of the delegates. Perhaps that will change with disinflation.

What of those who do not attend branch meetings? The little study which has been made of union participation seems to indicate that branch attendance is related to the size of branch, small branches having a higher proportion of members attending than large. It might be reasonable to infer that apathy of union members is not a function of satisfaction with union policy, and that it might be amenable to the methods of group psychology.

Surely it is wrong to assume that all inactive members are discontented (satisfaction is a good reason for doing nothing), or that active members are all contented. PAMELA HADDY

SIR,—With reference to the democratic set-up enjoyed by the "Big Four" unions, as claimed by Mr. Campbell Balfour, I wonder if your correspondent is aware that on the National Executive of both the N.U.G.M.W. and T. & G.W. sits a majority of full-time paid officials subject to the General Secretary's control outside the National Executive's sitting.

"EX-N.U.G.M.W."

MR. WILSON HARRIS

SIR,—I am very grateful for Critic's reference to myself, but there has been no quarrel (I do not in fact quarrel much). The only reason given for my enforced retirement from the *Spectator* is that it is "to give younger men a chance." As for Critic's question regarding the correct retiring age for editors, I am afraid I cannot answer that. I only know that C. P. Scott retired from the *Manchester Guardian* at eighty-three, W. W. Hadley from the *Sunday Times* at eighty-two, Robertson Scott from the *Countryman* at eighty-one and Garvin from the *Observer* at seventy-four.

Reform Club. WILSON HARRIS

SOVIET FILM SHOWS

SIR,—Lest your readers, on Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's recommendation, take Mr. Bob Darke's book too seriously, I would like at once to deny Mr. Darke's absurd allegation that when our Society organises film shows local Communists are ordered to buy three tickets (for self, wife and friend), that the door is then watched, and that those who do not attend are hauled up before a local committee within 72 hours!

I would point out that (a) we are not primarily concerned with showing Soviet films to Communists, and (b) if we used Mr. Darke's method of press-ganging our audience we would be completely spared the need to advertise, which is contrary to all the facts. PAT SLOAN,

General Secretary.

British Soviet Friendship Society,
36 Spencer Street, E.C.1.

GREEK DRAMA

SIR,—I read with unmixed feelings Mr. Worsley's article on Greek Drama.

The overall impression given by the article is that the staging or reading of the Greek Drama is but a concession to culture and "education." I would not misrepresent Mr. Worsley: his opinions, however, seem to echo the view, succinctly put forward recently by Mr. Patrick Dickinson on the Third Programme that with the publication of the "Waste Land" all poetry before Mr. Eliot's was revealed as inadequate. Sophocles, then, would seem to be at a grave disadvantage.

Mr. Worsley finds Sophocles undramatic: he finds the chorus a stumbling-block—its religion as cold as it is ancient, its opinions frequently "platitudinous to the point of the ridiculous." Sophocles did not write for the twentieth century. His dramatic structure is naturally different from ours and must not be tampered with if we are to appreciate its motives, capacity and success. The chorus, Mr. Worsley has said, expresses the views of the average man, and the average man was both religious and reverential. His reaction to a calamity would, as likely as not, be uncertainty and a simple affirmation of faith after his own manner. It is unnecessary surely to say that the average man then, as now, was simple, average and platitudinous. Further, it is natural that an average opinion should appear ridiculous or pathetic when contrasted with a great tragic occurrence: Sophocles then gives us a complete, life-like representation. Thus there seems no good reason for sanctioning "the boldness with which Yeats shortens and cuts." That Yeats virtually founded the Irish theatre does not establish him as a dramatist, and his original plays remain essentially undramatic. Indeed I do not see that the chorus, now that we have Mr. Eliot's experiments before us, should prove either unusual or a "stumbling-block for a modern English audience."

Mr. Worsley, while admitting the uniqueness of the Oedipus Rex, considers the rest of Greek drama moribund. Doubtless he feels it to be dramatically imperfect and psychologically unconvincing — as though psychology were a modern invention.

The comparison afforded by the excerpts is indeed of value: however, apropos of Professor Murray's translation Mr. Worsley suggests that the couplet is a form unsuited to the translation of Sophocles. Racine, I believe, in his classical dramas found it not inappropriate. Finally, may I commend the modesty with which Mr. Worsley, in tacit alliance with "the average man," pensions off the Greek drama?

M. D. W.

FRA ANGELICO

SIR,—Politically, as we are reminded each week, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is a "progressive" newspaper. But on no level is progress necessarily synonymous with *tabula rasa*, and I feel sure you do not expect your contributors to think so. How surprising, therefore, to find one of your reviewers, a Mr. Benedict Nicolson, taunting the author of a new book on Fra Angelico for accurately describing this artist as "reactionary" in relation to the other great art of his day. "I hold the old-fashioned view that you cannot be both reactionary and as good as all that," says Mr. Nicolson with the self-confidence of one who knows just what is wrong with the world. But why ever not? Does Mr. Nicolson really mean that Ingres—to take the most obvious example of a "reactionary" artist of the 19th century who was "in opposition to the painting of his time"—was not "as good as all that" even by comparison with "the best art of his day" created by "progressive" artists? Would Mr. Nicolson be prepared to deny the claim that the Valpinçon *Baigneuse* was "the most beautiful" nude of the first half of the century simply because Ingres was "reactionary"? And coming to more modern times, which Mr. Nicolson sees more clearly, perhaps, would he seriously maintain that by comparison with the work of say Messrs. Sutherland, Bacon and Nicholson (to take three of the so-called "best" progressive English artists) the work of Mr. Stanley Spencer and Sir Frank Brangwyn (who are certainly "reactionary") is really not "as good as all that"?

DOUGLAS COOPER

Chateau de Castille, Argilliers,
Gard, France.

LALLANS' ANTHOLOGY

SIR,—I am compiling an anthology of translations into Lallan Scots, and will be pleased to receive copies of any poems or short prose pieces from writers who are interested in this work. Poems from the great European poets are particularly sought.

Further details can be had from me at this address.

43 Knightsbridge, S.W.1. TOM SCOTT

"KING MONMOUTH"

SIR,—In her notice of my broadcast play *King Monmouth*, your reviewer complains of my use of the word "Dad" as an anachronism. Since she goes on to say that the use is characteristic of a modern writer's lack of historical sense, will you allow me to point out that this term was used by James the First in writing to Prince Charles, by the Duke of Buckingham in writing to James the First, that it occurs in Dryden's works, and that the Concise Oxford Dictionary says it has been current since the sixteenth century? ELIZABETH JENKINS

8 Downshire Hill, N.W.3.

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Books in General

THE latest addition to the attractive Oxford Crown edition of Trollope is one of the chronicler's "failures"—*The Prime Minister.** It was the penultimate volume of what Trollope considered his best work: the series which begins with *Can You Forgive Her?* and runs on to the Phineas novels. As Mr. Amery says in his introduction, it raises the question of politics in the novel. The failure of *The Prime Minister* is, of course, relative; no novel containing Lady Glencora could be called dull. But this one has no personable young hero like the frank and susceptible Phineas Finn and Emily Wharton is a bit of a stick as the meek but obstinate young bride in love. On the other hand, Lopez, the speculator and fortune-hunter, is a genuine figure of the age; drama is created by his shifty fingers, he is bold and credible. The only bother with Lopez is that he is made the vehicle of Trollope's peculiar dislike of "outsiders" and foreigners—he loathed Disraeli really because he was a Jew—and a hostile lecturing tone comes into Trollope's voice when he writes of him, which is absent from the portrait of that other rapscallion—Burgo Fitzgerald. Yet Trollope tries very hard to be fair to Lopez, who is presented with objective care and is never all of a piece. He has courage, for example, and one notices that he does not lie until he is kicked when he is down. Only his suicide, at the end, is out of character, for obviously a man like Lopez will always start again from the bottom. He perfectly illustrates what a novelist like Galsworthy would have made a lot of moral fuss about: that in a rich oligarchic society, the Lopezes will always be sacrificed when their heads are turned or when it is a question of class solidarity and self-defence. Trollope is very accurate as a psychologist of the uncomprehending rogue; a little cynical as he shows how mad it is to think of succeeding in England if you use your imagination and disobey the rules. It is a tremendous moment when Lopez attempts to blackmail the Duke of Omnium and the best kind of surprise: the brilliant Lopez has lost his head. We had forgotten how stupid cleverness can be. Finally, in the major conflict between the lofty-minded Prime Minister and his wife, Lady Glencora, whose whole idea is to exploit her husband's political eminence socially, there is wit, and drama too.

Where is the specific failure, then? I do not mean the general criticism of Trollope that he is commonplace, that reading him is like walking down endless corridors of carpet, restful to walk on, but in the end enervating. What is the failure within Trollope's own honest terms? The reader is bound to agree with the experienced opinion of the politician who introduces the book: as Mr. Amery says, it was possible for Trollope to write about the Church without engaging in religious controversy, because this is only fitful in religion and, anyway, is only one aspect of it. But controversy is the living breath of politics, and Trollope leaves it out altogether. He purposely makes the Duke of Omnium Prime Minister of a Coalition, in which controversy is momentarily quiet. The fact is that Trollope the civil servant despised politicians and the Duke of Omnium is really a Treasury official, plus an immense sense of rank and a vast income. And so, though we hear in detail of the machinery of Parliament, the intrigues for safe seats, the machinations of the drawing rooms and have an excellent picture of political comedy and humbug, we have no notion of politics as anything more than a career disputed between the "ins" and the "outs."

It infuriated Trollope to see that Disraeli's political novels were more highly thought of than his own. He wrote of them:

> Through it all there is a feeling of stage properties, a smell of hair-oil, an aspect of buhl, a remembrance of tailors, and that pricking of the conscience which must be the general accompaniment of paste diamonds.

Even so, Disraeli's *Sybil* and *Coningsby* are far more convincing as political novels. They burn with the passions of the day and if there is falsity in the lighting, that is an essential political quality. Disraeli presents politics as prophetic dogma; he understands that politics grow out of beliefs, interests and conditions, though they degenerate into expedients. The working class are not excluded as Trollope excludes them; and though Trollope lived in a quieter political period, it can hardly be said that the workers were without voice. Disraeli's vision of politics in his novels was exotic and perhaps no purely English novelist is capable of this, any more than he has been capable of the dialectical fantasies of Shaw; to write well about politics one has got to believe in them in the abstract and to regard them as a possible imaginative world. Trollope hated the idea of such a thing, and in consequence, though he gets the surface brilliantly, he misses the reason for its existence.

Character is the whole interest of Trollope and if his portrait of the Prime Minister, the Duke of Omnium, is meant to be a picture of the perfect gentleman and statesman, it is not idealised nor schematic. The Duke's skin is too thin, he has scruples, he is moody, morose and capable of ducal temper. Though he is in conflict with his wife who gives a fantastic house party—40 guests a night for six weeks, and none to stay more than 48 hours; think, says the housekeeper at Gatherum Castle, as if she had Arnold Bennett at her elbow, of the towels and the sheets!—the Duke clearly understands that if she is a woman with no scruples, she is kept straight by her feelings and convictions. And Trollope is expert in crossing the intentions of his people with the accidents of life. The climber Lopez might have got his safe seat, if only the bumptious Major Pountney—"a middle-aged young man"—had not annoyed the Duke on another matter. But we get, I think, a better idea of the political entanglement in the earlier book, *Phineas Finn*. Phineas is not an outsider, and therefore Trollope is in a better temper. He is the ingenious, penniless, handsome young fellow, going into politics against the author's affectionate advice and we are led with him step by step into his career. There are even glances at the Irish Question. We see Phineas funking his first opportunity to speak and making a mess of it when he does get up, full of indignation, on another occasion.

There are shrewd portraits of the Whips—but there is nothing to equal Disraeli's wonderful libellous sketch of Croker—and Trollope knows how to grade his politicians according to the condition of their careers. There is a hostile portrait of John Bright. He is Turnbull who is contrasted with Monk, an imaginary Radical "ever doubting of himself, and never doubting himself so much as when he had been most violent and also most effective, in debate." But Turnbull-Bright has no doubts:

> I think that when once he had learned the art of arranging his words as he stood on his legs, and had so mastered his voice as to have obtained the ear of the House, the work of his life was not difficult. Having nothing to construct he could always deal with generalities. Being free from responsibility, he was not called upon either to study details or to master even great facts. It was his business to inveigh against existing evils, and perhaps there is no easier business. . . . It was his work to cut down forest trees, and he had nothing to do with the subsequent cultivation of the land. Mr. Monk had once told Phineas Finn how great were the charms of that inaccuracy which was permitted to the opposition.

That is all very well, but the very irony at the expense of politicians shows the failure to rise to the imaginative opportunity. As Mr. Amery says, Disraeli would have plunged for the excitements of foreign policy. He would have risked.

Indeed, although *Phineas Finn* is an amusing guide to Parliamentary life as it then was, it interests us really for things like the famous portraits of the violent red-eyed Lord Chiltern—this plunging, dangerous man would be the hero of a contemporary novel, not a minor character—the superb Mr. Kennedy, so gloomy, so evangelical, who adroitly lengthens family prayers when he is jealous of his wife's lover:

> [He] was a man who had very little temptation to do anything wrong. He was possessed of over a million and a half of money, which he was mistaken enough to suppose he had made himself. . . . He never spoke much to anyone, although he was constantly in society. He rarely did anything, though he had the means of doing everything. He had seldom been on his legs in the House of Commons, though he had been there ten years. He was seen about everywhere, sometimes with one acquaintance, sometimes with another—but it may be doubted whether he had any friend . . . though he would not lend money, he gave a great deal—and he would give it for almost every object. "Mr. Rbt. Kennedy, M.P., £105" appeared on almost every charitable list that was advertised. No one ever spoke to him as to this expenditure, nor did he ever speak to anyone. Circulars came to him and the cheques were returned. The duty was an easy one to him and he performed it willingly. Had any moment of inquiry been necessary it is possible the labour would have been too much for him.

That is a close study of something not often observed: the neutrality, the nonentity of rich men. And then there are the women of the book who all talk so well and who are very well distinguished from each other. The stress on sex in the modern novel has meant that women have lost their distinctiveness as persons. Trollope excels in making the distinctions clear.

Trollope is a detailed, rather cynical observer of a satisfied world. Honest, assertive, sensible, shrewd, good-humoured, he is content. As Henry James said, he gives us the pleasure of

* *The Prime Minister*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Introduction by L. S. AMERY. *Oxford*. 2 vols. 36*s*.

recognition. But content is, so to speak, a summit that he has attained, not a torpor into which he has fallen. He grew worldliness like a second skin over the raw wounds of his youth, and the reason why he describes what is normally observable about people so well, is that he longed merely for the normal. He had been too insecure to want anything more than that security, and it was by a triumph of personal character that he attained it. Trollope might excusably have become a neurotic—and without talent. It is maddening to see the themes of Henry James taken back to the platitude of their starting point and left there; strange to have to recognise that what are called "things as they are" can be soothing. It is dangerous to marry for money, but it is also dangerous to marry for love; it is dangerous to commit adultery for society will drop you, yet society is greedy and hypocritical. It is bad to borrow; it is mean not to lend. One is listening to human nature muddling along on its old rules of thumb. The only pattern we can discern is that made by the struggle of the individual within his group: politics, the law, the Church. It is not a passionate struggle. It is mainly a question of faintly enlightened self-interest. We feel about his people what we feel about our relations: the curiosity that distracts us from a fundamental apathy. The sense of danger and extremity which alert us in the war-like compositions of Jane Austen, is dulled. His novels are social history, without the movements of history; life as we see it without having to think about it. It has no significance beyond itself; it is as pleasant, dull and restful as an afternoon in an armchair. The footpads in the London parks, the frightened family of the crooked bankrupt, the suicide on the suburban line, are there, not to frighten us unduly, but to give further assurance to normal people that normality is stronger than ever. Can we wonder, in these times, at the Trollope revival?

V. S. PRITCHETT

A BALLAT O THE FIRES O TIME

Tell me ance mair o Akhnaton's ache
tae bring licht til his airly laund ;
hoo Moses pastored yon faithfu trek
o feet flockin owre the burnin saund.
Hoo, on Colchis' gowdan straund,
young Jason fleeced the Mither's Tree ;
but yae thing mair we'd understaund :
Whit like will the morraw's bonfires be ?

Tell's hoo Orestes had tae tak
Apollo's knife in his tremlin haund ;
hoo Sulla howked, for ambetion's sake,
the grave for Rome o the ower graund.
Rarest o aa, hoo Jesus planned
tae conquer daith on Calvary ;
but aye the thoucht gaes through ma mind :
Whit like will the morraw's bonfires be ?

Wi the reek frae Joan at the Rouen stake,
the Kirk's ain Middle Ages wauned ;
Luther an Knox near garred her neck
lik Mary's, lowt tae an aex weill-manned.
Lenin avenged his brither, and
aa Europe thraitens in fifty-three ;
grantit thir lowes are bricht ; but dand !
Whit like will the morraw's bonfires be ?

Poet, ye tell's hoo maitters staund
wi lichts that leem fell faur frae ye ;
but can ye tell's whit's nearer haund :
Whit like will the morraw's bonfires be ?

TOM SCOTT

TAWNEY'S ESSAYS

The Attack. By R. H. TAWNEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s.*

To reprint articles written and published over the greater part of a lifetime is to subject oneself to a severe test. Many who enter for it fail ; their contributions have lost all flavour and they themselves are written off as egotistical bores—journalist geese who should never have aspired to be literary swans. Very few are rewarded by the thanks of the reader that their words, which had been lost in the pages of old periodicals, have now been recaptured and are to be preserved in accessible form for posterity. That, however, is exactly what one feels about this collection of writings by Professor Tawney.

In some respects his place in social philosophy is comparable with that of E. M. Forster in English literature. Both have published comparatively little, but what they have written has been of exceptional, indeed, classic quality. Both have exercised much influence on their contemporaries and upon younger generations—though in different fields. Both have combined a background of University scholarship and the discipline of intellectual integrity with an acute understanding of humanity—the one in its social, the other in its personal relationships. There perhaps the likeness ends. Mr. Forster is an artist and, I suppose, an agnostic, content to understand and reveal, whose political sympathies may lie with the Left but who was never a social reformer. R. H. Tawney is not only an outstanding historian but a deeply religious man who believes passionately that a true Christian must do what he can to create through Socialism a Christian community on earth.

Professor Tawney's influence on my generation—at any rate on the politically minded companions with whom I grew up—was profound. I can recall no two books which more decisively affected our political outlook than *The Acquisitive Society* and *Equality*. And if I wanted today to explain the ethical basis of British Socialism it is to these that I should still refer. No one in our time has set out so vividly, or in such noble prose, the contradictions between Capitalism and Christianity ; no one has exposed so mercilessly and yet with such dignity the false values of a class-ridden society. The last essay in the volume, "A Note on Christianity and the Social Order", now printed for the first time, returns to this theme.

The other papers between them cover a wide field. The first, after which the book is named, is the most personal—a moving and compelling yet essentially undramatized description of the attack on the Western Front in which the author was severely wounded. It is right that it should come first, because it is not only a very fine piece of writing, but also a self-portrait—drawn, in an entirely unselfconscious manner. And whereas with some writers there is much dispute as to whether their personality is important apart from their work, with Professor Tawney one just cannot conceive of his work without his personality. It shines through every page he writes.

Personality is perhaps a misleading word. It conjures up a vision of "the great man", with his wit and his prejudices, his gestures and his eccentricities, surrounded by a group of disciples hanging on every word he utters. Nothing could be more unlike R. H. Tawney, with his gentle voice dropping to inaudibility, his habit of self-effacement, often maddening to his friends, his elusiveness, his humility—that humility which is so much a part of his Socialism, so bound up with his conviction that all men are of equal value.

He is the least pathological of Socialist philosophers. The flame within which burns so brightly was never kindled, you feel, in a dark unhappy childhood. There is no rasping hatred, no sense of persecution here. It is not the odd man out talking, nor even the professional rebel. On the contrary, he understands and feels at one with ordinary people, even if sometimes he expects rather a lot of them. In this book you see it best perhaps in the simple patriotism of "Why Britain Fights," the letter to America in 1940, and in his impatience with parlour revolutionaries and cranks which slips out here and there.

But, lest this be a pure panegyric, let me start one argument. The article he wrote in 1934—"The Choice Before the Labour Party"—contains a devastating attack on the Government of 1929-31. No doubt much of it was well deserved, yet I cannot help feeling that here Professor Tawney himself becomes a trifle unrealistic about democracy. The logic of his argument seems to imply an electorate whose Labour majority can remain over a long period in a kind of white-hot crusading fever, ready for sacrifice, full of idealisms for the cause, and understanding for the Labour Government's problems and policies. That no doubt is what we desire, and I am all for doing the educational work which helps towards it. But can any of us honestly say that this is a realistic picture of the possibilities? Is it not a little fanciful to imagine that those vital floating voters, in particular, are made of this stuff?

Perhaps Professor Tawney himself is conscious of the difficulty. For at one point on the, to my mind, not very important subject of honours—a subject on which he is not wholly clear or consistent in the book as a whole—he says of his own argument, "What odious Puritanism! Yes, but the Puritans, though unpleasant people, had one trifling merit. They did the job, or, at any rate, their job. Is the Labour Party doing it?" To which I am tempted to reply, "Yes, but the Puritans ruled for little more than a decade ; it would probably have been less if people could have got rid of them sooner ; and they were followed by a great wave of reaction which lasted for a century and a half. Are they really such a good example for a Labour Party striving to bring in Socialism by democratic means?"

The real problem is "How to lead and keep in touch as well?" That is surely the art of democratic politics. And it applies just as much to the Labour Party in relation to the electorate, as to the leaders and the rank and file. Whatever our views, however, on this essentially political issue, we can all agree that it would mean little unless we know the direction in which we want to lead and why we want to go there. For me, at least, Professor Tawney still supplies most of the answers to those fundamental questions.

HUGH GAITSKELL

DONNE'S DEVOTIONAL VERSE

John Donne, The Divine Poems. Edited by HELEN GARDNER. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

In the field of English studies the best academic publications are those that University teachers undertake in order to supply a need they have themselves felt. Such books are usually livelier, as well as intrinsically more valuable, than volumes on themes and problems which have been studied only to satisfy a demand for "published work." Miss Gardner's edition of Donne's *Divine Poems* is an excellent example of the former kind, and also a welcome reminder of traditions that some Universities have lately forgotten. It opens with an illuminating essay on Donne's religious verse, written in compact yet always lucid and shapely prose such as used to be expected of every English don, but is rarely encountered in these days of ill-wrought monuments of idiosyncrasy. In demonstrating that literary judgment is not impaired but is enhanced by learning, it reminds us how much is thrown away by University schools of English that neglect the sterner disciplines of scholarship for subjective "appreciation" and "practical criticism."

Admiration for Donne's religious poems has not induced Miss Gardner to magnify their merits nor has it attenuated her interest in his other verse. She sees that :

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change was a gradual one, brought about by the circumstances of his life and the maturing of his mind and temperament.

As a result her introduction, although primarily concerned with the religious verse, is full of shrewd comment on his poetry in general:

> In the proper sense of both words Donne is a moral, not a metaphysical poet. His subject is the relation of human beings to each other, or to a God who is the Hebrew God of Righteousness and Love, not the "God of the philosophers." What metaphysical ideas he has . . . he explores not for their own sake, but for the light they throw on his true subject, the heart of man.

The popularity of Donne's Holy Sonnets during the period of scepticism and irreverence between the two wars was in striking contrast to the contemporary neglect of other good religious verse. Evidently the Holy Sonnets were felt to have characteristics which singled them from the rest. Their special attraction, or part of it, not only then but also today, may be due to something Miss Gardner notes in another connection:

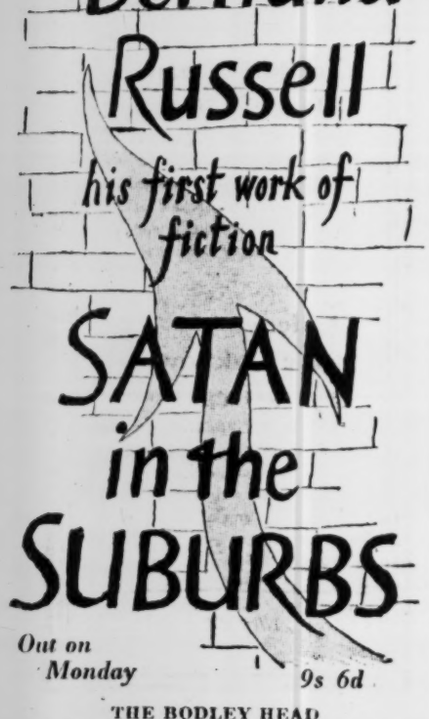
> Donne, though in many other ways a remarkable human being, is not remarkable for any spiritual gifts and graces which we recognise at once as extraordinary and beyond the experience of the majority of mankind . . . his religious experience seems, as with most of those who profess and call themselves Christians, to have been largely a matter of faith and moral effort.

The excellence of Miss Gardner's introductory essay is matched by that of her commentary. Everyone who has tried to get the whole meaning of a Donne poem will be grateful for her decision to comment as fully as possible. Existing commentaries on Donne's poems are too often deficient in special knowledge and annotate only what the writer happened to be able to explain. Donne's poems all need detailed, systematic annotation which slides past no obscurity and points out what requires but has not yet found explanation. In providing such a commentary on the Divine Poems Miss Gardner has contributed something of lasting value to Donne studies because she possesses both mental alertness and the essential special knowledge, now uncommon and likely to become rarer.

Annotation of this kind is not merely an aid to the ordinary reader; it can help to decide the correct reading of a passage in a poem. Donne's text is still not settled, despite the enormous progress made by Grierson's edition of 1912. Only the *Anniversaries*, the elegy on Prince Henry and a few trivia were published in Donne's lifetime. His other poems were printed two or more years after his death, from manuscripts apparently not now extant and by editors unknown to us, and these printed texts are often manifestly inferior to those in early manuscripts. No poem, however, has survived in Donne's handwriting, and although some manuscripts are far better than others, only the *Westmorland* has been shown to possess any special authority. What Donne wrote must sometimes be decided by study of his meaning or his allusions, as several pages of this edition show. Indeed it is probable that as much improvement of the text is to be expected from such studies as from scrutiny of MSS. Most of the textual advances Miss Gardner has been able to make, and they are numerous, derive from her close comprehension of the meaning of the poems rather than from her theories about the nature and relationship of the manuscripts.

Some of her suggestions about the sources of the manuscripts are controversial, as is her assumption that the differences between the manuscript groups represent changes and revisions made by Donne. These, and a more persuasive theory that most of the Holy Sonnets were written before Donne took Orders, as well as suggestions about the dates of other of the Divine Poems, are supported by detailed arguments which there is not space to outline here. They call for very careful sifting, and it will probably be some time before Donne scholars come to agreement about them. Whether finally her theories are accepted or not, Miss Gardner has put all readers of Donne heavily in her debt for a text and commentary which bring them much nearer to what Donne wrote and meant.

I. A. SHAPIRO



A POET IN THE HOUSE

Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By DOROTHY HEWLETT. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

Biographically fixed for so long on her Wimpole Street sofa, Flush at her feet, Robert Browning at the door, the author of *Aurora Leigh* has missed in the present century the kind of consideration that her gifts and personality really warrant. Recent studies, however, notably that of Mrs. Betty Miller, have turned an enlightening attention to the child of Hope End as well as to the mistress of Casa Guidi. Readers who are already familiar with the half-fantastic history may be disappointed in Miss Hewlett's new study, sincere and well-intentioned as it is. This biographer, for one thing, shies from the task of interpreting; her portrait has no features, or too many. And though she has amiably assembled the familiar facts into what must be the first full-length account of her subject, she has little or nothing fresh to add to them; nor indeed, in her wish to present each character in the kindliest light, does she hestiate to *omit*. Browning, his many good points to the fore, appears as the strong dependable companion; Mr. Barrett as "a man to be pitied rather than wholly blamed".

Yet Miss Hewlett's narrative conscience makes the mysterious tyrant break through these generous simplifications. If today the imagination is more stirred by the dark Marylebone house —that Victorian walled castle filled with adult children—than by the marriage bower in Florence, it is not because of a lover's romantic presence on the threshold but because of the tensions of Barrett family life under the formidable father. It is clear that while he dominated his children (primarily, as in most Victorian homes, by the power of money) he also despised where he dominated. In the case of Elizabeth, the victory was subtler. She was not only the cherished invalid, the courted poet, the assured, attractive favourite, but the only one who had complete financial independence.

Elizabeth herself even more emphatically defeats her biographer's conclusions. "A lovelier life never went back to God," wrote Lytton on Mrs. Browning's death, and Miss Hewlett quotes this with blandest calm. Yet her own evidence shows the poet as a woman of intense mental energy and intelligence, opposing the restrictions of the age by the master-stroke of retirement, much as Miss Nightingale opposed them by action; sensitive indeed, but very far from saintly. Of Miss Nightingale's followers she made the trenchant and somewhat unexpected observation:

> Every man is on his knees before ladies carrying lint, calling them "angelic she's", whereas if they stir an inch as thinkers and artists from the beaten line (involving more good to general humanity than is involved in lint), the very same men would curse the impudence of the very same women . . . I do not consider the best use to which we can put a gifted and accomplished woman is to *make her a hospital nurse.*

Undistinguished, but unobjectionable, this book is, for the newcomer to the Browning story, a serviceable introduction.

NAOMI LEWIS

SETTLERS AND KIKUYU

Before the Dawn. By C. WILSON. *S. J. Moore, Nairobi.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Facing Mount Kenya. By JOMO KENYATTA. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

Mau Mau. By C. T. STONEHAM. *Museum Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Before the arrival of the British, East Africans did not even know the use of the wheel. To this no doubt true statement, constantly repeated to visitors in Kenya, Dr. Wilson adds that before the dawn—that is, the *pax Britannica*—East and Central Africa were indeed dark, brutal and savage in the extreme; they were ruled by barbarous tyrants whose cruelty shocked every merchant and missionary; they were preyed upon by slave traders who cared for nothing except to get to market at least one out of four of the tortured victims whom they bought or kidnapped. It is a horrible story many times told and worth telling again as a warning to any sentimentalists who might imagine that East Africa ever did well without Europeans. It is true and important that whereas nationalism in Asia and even in West Africa is based on a background of indigenous culture, in East Africa the West did not destroy anything that seems to us worth restoring. If the British were to withdraw from East Africa some other Power—probably South Africa—would step in. But I must add that I have yet to meet any of these sentimentalists who are supposed to think that East Africans are in any sense yet ready to govern themselves.

People like Dr. Wilson and Mr. Stoneham seem unable to understand that to criticise settler policy during the last generation is not the same thing as to wish to pass Kenya over to Mau Mau. Perhaps the easiest way to illustrate their confusion is to point to the contrast between Kenya and Uganda where the evils of European settlement are as conspicuously absent as the advantages of European administration and expert guidance are conspicuously present. In Uganda the British keep the peace and help the Africans to grow cotton and coffee; in Kenya a small group of European settlers, who depend on docile African labour, maintain the odd illusion that they have the right to run the country to their own liking. This is not, I add, the view of most Europeans in Kenya: many of the younger settlers and a majority of the commercial and industrial Europeans are much less provincial and far more liberal in their outlook.

Mr. Stoneham's book is a product of the type of mind that is inevitably answered by the development of Mau Mau. It combines contempt for the Kikuyu with misrepresentation of all who oppose Kitale policy. It describes, with no detail

spared, the activities of Mau Mau, which are indeed cruel, sordid and primitive, makes a wide indictment of the Kikuyu as a bestial and cowardly tribe and attacks the weakness, sentimentality and ignorance of all who advocate constructive as well as police measures to deal with the Kikuyu revolt. Amongst the objects of his wrath is this journal which published an incorrect (but speedily and fully corrected) estimate of Mau Mau at the beginning of the Terror. He fails to point out that in support of this incorrect estimate we quoted Kenya's Chief Native Commissioner who had just denied the existence of the alleged terrorism, and that we had the evidence of indignant Kenya settlers who, until the murders actually began, were publicly insisting that their country was peaceful and African discontent negligible.

Mr. Stoneham gives a shocking account of African witch-hunts and secret societies. It should be supplemented by the sober academic study of Kikuyu life written by Jomo Kenyatta when he was a student. Professor Malinowski, who introduces it, smiles gently at one or two romanticised passages, but adds, in discussing Kenyatta's account of occultism among the Kikuyu, that it "should lead us to search our own hearts and not to indulge in another supercilious attack on the African's liability to superstition." He adds that Europeans are even more superstitious, and with less excuse, than Africans, and that Mr. Kenyatta's book is a most valuable contribution to serious anthropological study.

I should take as specially useful the account, given in detail by Kenyatta of the practice of circumcision in Kenya. Reading this has not made me think female circumcision any less a barbarous custom than I did before, but Kenyatta's account explains why it is not readily abolished. To make people understand is the only remedy against the contempt for the Kikuyu that is the real evil of books like Mr. Stoneham's. It was such contempt that so long poisoned our relations with the people of India.

When a Kikuyu attacks a European with a panga Mr. Stoneham writes as if this were nothing but a cowardly assault by a peculiarly noxious form of vermin. He is contemptuous of the cowardice, for instance, of Kikuyu who, armed with pangas, ran away from a British girl armed with a revolver. He contrasts such cowards with other fine upstanding tribesmen who have fought openly against the British and been shot down according to the proper rules of warfare. It simply does not occur to him that an African reading this story may draw quite a different moral from it. It is wiser, I suggest, to see in the Kikuyu a gifted as well as a primitive people who, woefully misguided today since they cannot yet develop without European aid, are likely in the not very long run to prove, when fed, educated, cured of disease and disciplined by experience, to be just as brave and upstanding as any other people, black or white. It is a lesson that Europeans are learning from coloured people all over the world today.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

THE NEWTON OF CHEMISTRY

Antoine Lavoisier. By DOUGLAS MCKIE. *Constable.* 30*s.*

Lavoisier was the founder of modern chemistry, the man who swept away the last legacy of the alchemists—the phlogiston theory—and turned a form of magic into a systematic science. In 1935 Dr. McKie published a technical account of Lavoisier's work, and he now gives us an excellent and most readable general biography from which his true stature as man and thinker emerges.

Lavoisier was an experimenter of great skill and not easily discouraged. As Robert Hooke says: "the footsteps of Nature are to be trac'd, not only in her ordinary course, but when she seems to be put to her shifts, to make many doublings and turnings, and to use some kind of art in endeavouring to avoid our discovery," and every experimental scientist worthy of the name knows this from experience. But Lavoisier's supreme gift was insight. He not only devised and performed experiments himself but he interpreted his results and those of his contemporaries and predecessors in a new light. The hardest thing for a scientist to do is to start from the beginning and build anew on fresh foundations—new basic assumptions, new axioms. In this respect Lavoisier must be classed with Newton and Einstein. He has been accused of borrowing from others, especially from Cavendish and Priestley. True, he might have been more generous in his acknowledgements to these two great experimenters, yet it was his interpretation of their findings which enabled chemistry to break with the past and advance afresh.

As early as 1661, in *The Sceptical Chymist*, Boyle first defined a chemical element as a substance that cannot be decomposed into anything simpler. His definition was a prophetic leap in the dark, for with the knowledge and techniques of his time, he could not positively indicate any one single element, much less draw up a list. Lavoisier saw that, as a result of his own experiments and those of Cavendish, Priestley and Joseph Black, Boyle's stillborn concept could be made a practical reality. Considering water and air, two of the primary Aristotelian "elements," he realized that the first was a compound of two elementary gases and the second a mixture of two elements. A third element, fire, which chemists at that time knew as "phlogiston," could be cast aside altogether.

Lavoisier was a man of wide interests: geology, botany and agriculture (he established a remarkable experimental farm at his château of Fréchines)—all held his attention. In his later years he studied respiration and soon reached the conclusion that it was a kind of slow combustion, and that the heat liberated by the combination of oxygen from the air with the "base of fixed air" (*i.e.* carbon) in the lungs or tissues was responsible for maintaining a constant temperature in warm-blooded animals. Further, by careful quantitative experiments he showed that more oxygen was consumed by a man working or digesting food than by a man at rest. Life, he concluded, was a chemical function, and it is interesting to speculate whether, had he been able to continue these researches, he might not have become the father of biochemistry. In more practical affairs, too, Lavoisier served with great distinction. As organiser of the Gunpowder Commission he raised the quality and more than doubled the output of the Arsenal; the American colonists in the War of Independence had him to thank for their supplies of powder from France, and huge stocks were later to hand for the demands of Napoleon's artillery.

Lavoisier was born a rich man and enjoyed the advantages of his position; he received a first-class scientific education from the best masters of the time. Unhampered by poverty and the need to earn a living, he was able to purchase all the apparatus he needed—a considerable item in those days. But his wealth and position ultimately proved his downfall. In 1768 he bought as an investment for his capital a share in the Tax Farm, a monopoly granted by the Government to a group of financiers with a right to collect the taxes imposed on tobacco and salt. Dr. McKie shows clearly that Lavoisier's part in the tax-farming was entirely honourable; but with the progress of the Revolution the Tax Farmers were seen collectively as a small group of men becoming very rich at the expense of the poor, and after attacks by Marat, all were brought to trial in 1794. The proceedings were a judicial farce, unhappily reminiscent of present-day trials in Eastern Europe. Lavoisier was deserted by his friends and went to the guillotine. His last letter from prison deserves quotation:

> I have had a fairly long life, and above all a very happy one, and I think I shall be remembered with some regrets and perhaps leave some reputation behind me. What more could I ask? The events in which I am involved will probably save me from the troubles of old age. . . .

JOHN HARLEY-MASON

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Requiem for a Nun. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. *Chatto & Windus.* 11s. 6d.

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Diplomatic Diversions. By ROGER PEYREFITTE. *Thames & Hudson.* 12s. 6d.

Désirée. By ANNEMARIE SELINKO. *Heinemann.* 15s.

Mr. Faulkner is, in my view, the greatest living novelist in English, and though *Requiem for a Nun* does not seem to me one of his more successful experiments, it is of extraordinary interest. It is perhaps only a novel in that we lack a more precise word by which to describe it; though it is presented in three acts and the story proper written in dialogue with elaborate stage-directions, it is rather less of a play than, say, *The Dynasts*. It is really a kind of sandwich, the filling being the aftermath of the events Mr. Faulkner described in *Sanctuary*, the bread round it some accounts of the history of the town of Jefferson, of Yoknapatawpha County, and of Jackson, the capital of the state of Mississippi. These three accounts deal in fact with the growth of communities in terms of justice and exist in counterpoint to the developments of the story Mr. Faulkner is telling. The first of them, which relates the foundation of Jefferson, is a notable addition to our knowledge of the history of the Faulkner country, which by now is as solid and detailed as any invented region in fiction. It is also a splendid piece of comic writing in Mr. Faulkner's best manner.

I do not find, however, that these historical essays throw light on the further tragedy of Temple Drake which is the core of the book. We meet her again, eight years after her kidnapping by the psychopathic gangster Popeye and her incarceration in the Memphis brothel that were described in *Sanctuary*; her Negro servant Nancy has just been sentenced to death for the murder of one of Temple's children. But as soon as the lawyer Gavin Stevens, the conscience of Faulkner's world, begins his interrogation of Temple after the verdict, we realise that it is she and not Nancy, a dope-addict and a prostitute, who is essentially on trial. What caused Nancy to murder the child? The motive is clear only after Stevens's probings—and his role is much that of a psycho-analyst—and Temple's own anguished desire for honesty have brought her, as it were, face to face with the truth about herself. We then learn that Nancy's act of murder has been in the deepest sense self-sacrificial: she has committed it as the only way in which she can save Temple from following her worst instincts. When this is realised and admitted, Mr. Faulkner seems to imply, justice has been done.

A tragic theme, then. Why aren't we more moved in reading it than we are? One sees why Mr. Faulkner chose a dramatic form for his tragedy: to heighten his characters and detach them from the temporal circumstances of their being; in a word, to universalise them; it is, presumably, part of the function of the passages in between the acts, which set Jefferson and Yoknapatawpha County in the context of history, national and even geological, to provide a local habitation and a name. In the last analysis Mr. Faulkner fails because the language of his dialogue is inadequate. With tragedy at this level there is no substitute for poetry, for memorable utterance commensurate with the tragedy, and this Mr. Faulkner does not give us. All the same, *Requiem for a Nun* may well prove a key-book in the corpus of Mr. Faulkner's work because, for the first time, he ends a novel on an explicitly religious note.

The New Town is a novel one would very much like to praise, for in it Mr. Mervyn Jones has undertaken a work of a kind which too few English novelists attempt, the exploration not of personal relations or private problems but of men and women in relation to a community. Mr. Mervyn Jones's theme is the building of a new town on the Essex coast. To the intrinsic interest of this subject he has added a hero of enormous potential interest, a modern type that as yet has scarcely come into our fiction, the man—in this instance a former secondary school teacher—who has found the full range of his capabilities only as a result of his experience of war. Harry Peterson, having risen from the ranks to be a colonel, is manager of the new town of Long Ness. Mr. Jones's failure with Peterson explains, I think, the failure of his novel as a whole. Where reporting alone is called for, Mr. Jones is very good indeed, and so he is in his rapid thumb-nail sketches of marginal characters; but where anything like depth is required his characters remain paper-thin. Peterson—and his wife—are cases in point; for Peterson speedily becomes, not the efficient administrator, but, as the difficulties of getting the town built pile up on him, another character altogether, the old Ford Madox Ford hero who is always, by virtue of being himself, the man in the impossible situation. Everything goes wrong with him: Mr. Jones had drawn a first-class neurotic. But throughout his novel he describes only the symptoms; the underlying causes are never brought to the surface.

In the original French, *Diplomatic Diversions* is obviously an extremely witty and entertaining novel. In translation, though it is still amusing, the wit has largely evaporated. It is not a novel that could easily be written in English; the law of libel would see to that; for it describes, from the point of view of the Second Secretary at the French Embassy in Athens, life in that city in the years before the war. It is, strictly, a scandalous work, and much of the interest it aroused in France must have come from the sense that here one was getting the inside story of the French diplomatic service. French reviewers have compared this novel to Stendhal and Anatole France: to the English reader it will probably appear closer to the *South Wind* tradition, with Athens taking the part of Capri as "the paradise where all temptations were permissible." As such, it is most entertaining; the author's comic invention does not flag, and there are some delightful characters, not the least being the Lebanese and Armenian attachés, cognoscenti of the homosexual underworlds of, it seems, every sizable city in Europe.

Désirée is an international best-seller; and how could it not be, with its clever little woman of a heroine who, beginning life as a silk-merchant's daughter in Marseilles, marries off her sister to Joseph Bonaparte, is finally jilted by General Napoleon Bonaparte, marries Bernadotte, becomes Queen of Sweden, and herself accepts Napoleon's surrender after Waterloo? It has no literary merit, is naive and often preposterous, and yet it has one very considerable virtue: the authoress is never, as many much greater writers have been, dazzled by Napoleon; and by keeping always within her range, by setting her heroine firmly in the Bonaparte family circle, she exposes, as I have never seen it done before, the full appalling vulgarity of a gang of parvenus who rose on the coat-tails of a man rightly regarded in his lifetime as a monster.

WALTER ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Life and Times of the Duchess of Portsmouth. By JEANINE DELPECH. Translated by ANN LINDSAY. *Elek.* 18s.

The biography of kings' mistresses has a deservedly bad reputation. Too many writers have been attracted to the subject by the scope it offers for sly eroticism. Mlle Delpech, however, can be exonerated from any such discreditable intention. In any case, Louise de Kéroualle, the penniless Breton girl who was specially sent from France to captivate Charles II, put business before sex. The secrets of the royal alcove for her had more to do with politics than lust. From 1671 until Charles's death she was *maîtresse on titre* and at the same time Louis XIV's accredited agent, constantly conferring with the French Ambassador and seeking to manipulate the course of English politics in favour of the French alliance. The dual role had its discomforts; she was hated by the English as a foreigner and a Catholic, while Charles was continually unfaithful as a lover and infected her with the pox. Yet the situation held consolations; she was created a Duchess by Charles and a *Duchesse* by Louis. And she amassed a fortune: in one year alone she abstracted more than £130,000 from the English Treasury. No wonder the London mob anglicised her name as "Madame Carewell," for the speed with which she feathered her nest.

Although the book describes the Restoration scene vividly, as a character study it is worthless. The Duchess of Portsmouth may have had "a childish, baby face," as Evelyn observed it and as is shown on the dust cover, but at heart she was cold-blooded and rapacious. Mlle Delpech sentimentalises every-

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thing and finally forgives her heroine all her sins because she died a Catholic. The translation, though smooth, is not very intelligent. A French *livre* in the seventeenth century was not the equivalent of a pound sterling.

Hymns and Human Life. By ERIK ROUTLEY. *Murray.* 16*s.*

This is a lively book with a serious purpose: to persuade English worshippers to choose the best hymns, and to sing them, not as a self-indulgence, but with devotional and theological intention. Dr. Routley first gives a brief history of hymnody, then biographical notes on hymn-writers (sometimes rather trivial, *e.g.* "Eton has only, so far as we know, produced three hymn-writers from its teaching staff"), and finally a statistical analysis of the modern choice of hymns by Anglican and Nonconformist Churches, the B.B.C., etc. The general reader will enjoy the book and profit by it; the historian may at times demur. Dr. Routley is a Congregationalist, sharing the modern neo-orthodox reaction against liberalism, so to him there can be no real development or change in theology, only aberrations from and returnings to the one true faith. Luther, Watts, Wesley and a modern approved hymn-writer are regarded as all saying the same thing, with minor variations of accent, and the Enlightenment, the Romantic Age or the Flowering of New England, as changing the tastes but not the basic concepts of religious men, except perhaps for the worse.

Dr. Routley makes a useful contrast between hymns written in the 18th century for conventional services and those written for revival or prayer meetings, but he has missed the important earlier contrast between Calvinist community-singing and Lutheran liturgical chorales, which explains much later history. In justice to a pioneer, it should be said that it was not Garrett Horder in 1884 and 1905, but James Martineau in 1840 and 1867, who introduced to English worship hymns by 17th-century Metaphysicals and American Transcendentalists; he also made in 1840 a version of Jeremy Taylor's hymn, a variant of which is ascribed by Dr. Routley to a much later date.

Psychiatry Today. By DAVID STAFFORD-CLARK. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

A Textbook of Medical Psychology. By ERNST KRETSCHMER. *Hogarth.* 30*s.*

A general physician is not expected to style himself an Oslerian or an Allbutian, or even—unless he is thinking in political terms—a Horderian. "Yet the medical psychologist," Dr. Strauss points out in his introduction to Professor Kretschmer's book, "takes it almost as a matter of course if he is asked whether he is a Freudian or an Adlerian." It is encouraging, then, to read in succession two authors neither of them in the least inclined to shelter under the usual doctrinal umbrellas. Dr. Stafford-Clark's popular outline fully justifies the "today" of his title. The book is up-to-date not only in the sense that it deals with current views of causation and describes current methods of treatment, but also in accepting psychiatry as a single body of experience, whose sources, however widely scattered they may have been, have at last converged. Among these sources, Dr. Stafford-Clark does justice to the tradition of accurate clinical observation, which extends back a hundred years before Freud; he is equally aware of the developments of recent years, most of which we owe to men detached from or but loosely attached to any of the self-limiting schools of psychology. At the same time, he does not minimise the confluence which took place between these two periods—both in Vienna, and on a lesser scale in Zurich. All in all, this is an excellent introduction to modern psychiatry, dispassionate, well informed, and infused with a genuine humanity—of a kind which seems not to flourish in the post-mortem atmosphere of psychiatric writing, where only the fascination of the morbid specimens displayed can keep the attention off the smell.

Professor Kretschmer, belonging to an older though still extremely active generation—he is himself one of the more important sources of the modern outlook—writes with a more select audience in view. His textbook, first published in the late Twenties, has been through numerous editions in Germany and has been previously translated into English (in 1934). The present translation, by Dr. E. B. Strauss, is extremely able, and will undoubtedly become the standard version. It contains a good deal of material, particularly on methods of treatment, which has not previously been available in English. Readers with a taste for the subject should not be put off by the ominous label "textbook"; this is far from being a dry or scholastic volume.

Interrupted Melody. The Story of My Life. By MARJORIE LAWRENCE. *Falcon Press.* 15*s.*

This is a most remarkable book in its way, for the story its author has to tell survives a gushing style (all friends are "wonderful" and the gatepost is always between we and she) and ends up as a document of quite amazing spiritual and physical courage in an unfamiliar setting. Miss Lawrence's autobiography is a success story with a difference. She was struck down by infantile paralysis in mid-career as a prima donna, and the second half of the book is an inspiring and moving account of her successful battle—literally—to find her feet again. At first the disease caused her to lose all heart; then she found that she could sing in a wheeled chair. Later still she discovered that with ingenious and quite logical stage-management there were certain operatic roles which she could sing in their entirety without having to stand—Venus in *Tannhäuser*, Isolde, Amneris in *Aïda*.

Although there is inevitably a sense of frustration in much of her telling of the story (Miss Lawrence had always been an active woman and her early upbringing on an Australian farm led to her insisting at the Metropolitan that she should ride Grane bareback in the final scene of *Götterdämmerung*) there is no suggestion in this book of self-pity. Nor, for a moment, does she lose a rough and refreshing sense of humour; she is almost scandalously frank in her comments and criticisms of her colleagues—deservedly, if you happen to know whom she is talking about. Her enthusiasm and reverence for the Paris Opéra is perhaps a little puzzling (it seems a strange ambition for a young soprano to have wanted to sing in Paris rather than Milan) but the early pages dealing with her experiences in France make gay reading. There is one charming anecdote concerning her first professional days in Paris when the director of the Opéra asked Miss Lawrence if she knew the score of *Tetralogie*. Miss Lawrence lied gaily and said she did. It was only afterwards she learned that she had claimed to know the whole of the *Ring*.

There's No Place Like Paris. By HELENE MACLEAN. *Putnam.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Now that Britain, according to Sir Alexander Maxwell, rivals France as a tourist country, perhaps someone will write a book about London as witty, practical, uncompromising and portable as this. Helene MacLean's 162 pages rush us from point to point as diligently as the Métro, stopping at all the stations worth visiting, clearly pointing out the most vital *correspondances*, brisk, colourful, cheerful and ever so slightly grubby. Miss MacLean pulls no punches and leaves no plugs unpulled; plumbing and the clinical aspects of Love re-appear disconcertingly in every chapter; her explanation of a *bidet* is admittedly something to quote.

She is no less frank in her approach to museums, restaurants, and the markets (food, flea, flower and bird) which are rightly recommended as inexpensive diversions, particularly when followed by a bowl of *soupe à l'oignon*. Miss MacLean's speciality is to dissipate the anxiety which attacks the Briton in Paris, whispering in his ear that he ought to be having a much nicer time than he is. This she does by advising the traveller to clear his mind, before departure, of all the debris deposited there by old French films, trippers' reminiscences, Picasso reproductions and misty visions of Romance. Miss MacLean is as ruthless about the "Existentialist" cellar-clubs, disowned by Sartre, as she is about "the clip-joints around Pigalle". In fact, she is all for the quiet, contemplative life—a preference sharply at odds with her style, which is as crisp as popcorn and, although she writes as a Briton, as typically Yanqui.

Obtainable at all newsagents, every Thursday, 3d.

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(BLOCK LETTERS)

Soviet Weekly

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- THE PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE OF TWO SYSTEMS.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,200

Set by G. de Vavasour

Prizes are offered for a contribution, in twelve lines of verse, to *The Bad Child's Book of Careers*. Entries, which should deal with a single Career, may take the form either of a Recommendation or of a Warning. Closing date, March 3rd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,197

Set by Flavus

The usual prizes are offered for a contemporary sonnet to Urania.

Report by Flavus

In the interests of unfettered stratospheric exploration, the task was not defined too narrowly. As it turned out, imaginations digressed variously, from the hey-day of the gods to Monte Bello and Sunday astrology. But not many ascended higher than the foothills of Olympus. Surprising, too, how few of the entrants showed themselves familiar with the sonnet form. Of those who did, most found it too inhibiting for sustained imagination. G. J. Blundell, for instance, began splendidly:

What music of the spheres, O heavenly One,
Shall our unhappy age evoke for you?
The hum of reckoners that plot anew
The firing range of some atomic gun?
The clash of nuclear fissions as they run
The gamut that invention makes their due
And ordered path? The drum of bombing through
The air around your throne beyond the sun?—

but the sextet is not worth quoting. By contrast, Anthony E. Davies's astringent sextet:

We catch millennial light from worlds long dead,
And calculate the unfelt heat within;
We snatch the mysteries from the Sun's bright head,
As if an unweighed beauty were a sin.
Do you inspire men's high sky-treading plan?
Do prides and greeds of scientific man?—

puts to shame his laboured, academic opening.

D. N. Dalglish, Rhoda Tuck Pook, J.A.A. and Pat Bullen just failed to get among the prize-winners—the last two to my regret, for each nearly brought off a daring comic invention. Two guineas each to Tyndarida and P.M., whose entries, if not atomic, are at least good sonnets, in compass as well as in form; one and a half guineas to Eric Swainson, whose abominable last couplet robbed him of a clear win; and a consolatory ten-and-six to Andrew Crowcroft for a sparkling *tour de force*, which I do not admit to be a sonnet.

Lady, you bear the scales of death and life,
Weighted with weights unstable as your own,
Which at a touch will so be overthrown
That either—one will triumph over strife
Or t'other must become omnipotent.
So that o'er man at last you have prevailed
Where Nemesis and Atropos once failed.
Ah, Hellish Lady, you are Heaven-sent!
For, in your shifting garb with thund'rous voice,
At last you cause the human race to yield,
Force on it the irrevocable choice.
You from destruction did construct your path,
Bearing a geiger-counter on your shield,
Shed light to find a golden aftermath.

TYNDARIDA

Urania, with your head among the stars,
Enlist your Pleiades, enroll your Spheres,
Go beat your Ploughshare into swords and spears!
Invoke your Planet-Pact—your Jupo-Mars!
Have you not felt the blasting of our wars?
No poet-clamour this that strikes your ears,
Not Shakespeare's *bootless cries* nor Shelley's tears,
Nor Milton's prayers, nor Thomson's *dulcet jars*—
Defiance, air-borne, mocks your golden bars:
All Barriers are down. With crashing gears
Time's armoured truck a last wild circuit steers,
Fouling your Lesser Wains and Phoebus' Cars!
Swifter than sound our super-sonic hum,—
Quicker than light, Urania, here we come!

P.M.

Urania, of Broad and Milky Ways,
About your starlit orb a shadow clings;
To your cold Ariel, Man Prosper plays,
But co-star Caliban waits in the wings.
—And what rough beast? asked Yeats, prefiguring
New dispensations with a wild surmise—
Your Thesmophorian rites have spoiled our Spring,
And heavy water irrigates our eyes.
—And what rough beast?—what whirlwind must we reap?
Can Prospero command his Caliban,
And hitch his wagon to your stars, yet keep
The natural pre-eminence of Man?
Your mushroom harbinger he must abhor,
And he must let you reign here never more.

ERIC SWAINSON

Why offer us chaos? Why the turmoil?
Why always creation without any love?
Why things extra galactic? Why Fred Hoyle?
Have you not heard of feeling above?

What happens to girls when they lose their divinity?
Are you left at least with a pretty face?
Is it less hard than space losing infinity?
Or are you as bent as space?

Do you think science still liberal, are you an Aryan?
Did you ever care for grove, swan, the libation?
Have you ever been in a planetarium?
(Or won't you follow without an equation?)
All this we know and measure and aver.
I liked you better with your crown of stars.

ANDREW CROWCROFT

Company Meeting

F. W. WOOLWORTH & CO.

BETTER SUPPLIES AND CHEAPER PRICES

The Forty-fourth Annual General Meeting of F. W. Woolworth and Co., Limited, will be held on March 6 in London.

The following are extracts from the statement by the chairman, Mr. S. V. Swash, circulated with the Report and Accounts for the year 1952:—

The past year has been on the whole a year of better supplies, better variety and cheaper prices to the customers over a wide range of goods in practically all departments. Lower prices mean, of course, that the stores have sold more merchandise by a considerable percentage to achieve the extra sales that have produced the profit set out in the accounts.

The recession engendered by the textile slump made sales conditions very difficult for a time and called for a notable effort in the stores. This was forthcoming and your Board was pleased with the results achieved during the testing period and with the evidence of the resilience of your company's business.

Almost entirely as a result of the extra sales, the Trading Profit of £16,656,879 shows a satisfactory rise over the previous year and Net Profit before taxation, also on the Profit and Loss account, shows an increase of about 1¼ million pounds at £16,300,456.

Your Board is proposing a final dividend of 1s 9d per unit of Ordinary Stock and bonus of 3d—both less income tax at 9s 6d in the pound. This will for the first time bring the total net Ordinary dividend (and bonus) above the 1938 sterling figure.

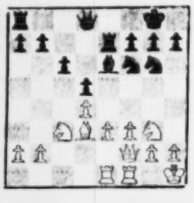
It is interesting to compare the Total Net Ordinary dividend and bonus figures of £4,331,250 with the total of income tax, Profits Tax and Excess Profits Levy at £10,530,384. This compares with a tax total (no E.P.L. then existing) of £8,387,214 for 1951, so that your company has provided under this head alone an increase to the Revenue of almost £2,150,000.

There is again a proposed appropriation of £750,000 to General Reserve. The Development Reserve remains at £3,500,000.

CHESS: Open Sesame

No. 177

It was all very well for Ali Baba to speak the magic words. We chess players seldom find it quite that easy to effect a breach for our valiant troops to pass, and usually we have to resort to methods which call for the pick-axe rather than the magic wand. Take this position which Botvinnik (White) reached against Keres in the recent U.S.S.R. Championship. Botvinnik is all set for the break-through, but there is still a lot of play left; there might be even more if Keres had not been quite so eager to liquidate the Knightly advance patrol of his opponent's attack.



(18) Kt-B5	B x Kt?	(28) R-B1	Q-Q2
(19) B x B	Q-Kt3	(29) R-QB3	R-KB1
(20) P-K4!	P x P	(30) Kt-B5!	R(1)-K1
(21) P x P	R-Q1	(31) Kt-R6 ch	K-B1
(22) P-K5	Kt-Q4	(32) Q-B6	Kt-Kt2
(23) Kt-K4	Kt-B1	(33) R(3)-KB3	R-B1
(24) Kt-Q6	Q-B2	(34) Kt x P!	R-K3
(25) B-K4	Kt-K3	(35) Q-Kt5	Kt-B4
(26) Q-R4	P-KKt3	(36) Kt-R6	Q-Kt2
(27) B x Kt!	P x B	(37) P-KKt4	resigns

Obviously, on account of (35) Q-Q6 ch, etc., Keres could not take the saucy Knight who made the final breach; and he was too timid to do so ten moves earlier by sacrificing the exchange. That might have been his last chance.

Here—Seidman-Santasiere, New York, 1939—is another case of White forcing more than one door of the enemy's citadel by might rather than magic.

(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(12) R-Q2	O-O
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	(13) R(1)-Q1	KR-Q1
(3) P-K5	Kt-Q4	(14) Kt-Kt5	P-R3
(4) Kt-B3	Kt x Kt	(15) Kt x BP!	K x Kt
(5) QP x Kt	P-QKt3	(16) R x P!	Q x R
(6) B-QB4	P-K3	(17) R x Q	R x R
(7) B-B4	Q-B2	(18) Q-R5 ch	P-Kt3
(8) O-O	B-Kt2	(19) B x P ch!	K x B
(9) Q-K2	P-QR3	(20) Q x P ch	B-B3
(10) P-QR4	Kt-B3	(21) Q x B ch	K-Q4
(11) QR-Q1	B-K2	(22) Q-B5	resigns

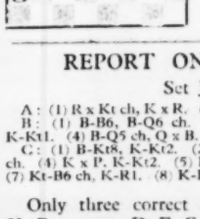
If Black, on his 20th move, had not thrown the Bishop to the wolves his King would have been devoured a few moves earlier; and had he, on his 16th move, retaken with the R, White would have won quickly by (17) B x P ch, K x B (18) Q-B4 ch, etc.

A: Nedeljkovic 1952

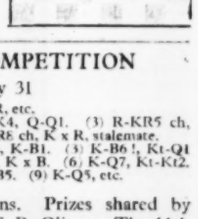
In this week's competition the usual 4-pointer for beginners is a game position from the recent Yugoslav Championship. How did White force his opponent's resignation in a couple of moves? **B**—White to win—is a classic which should be well known to the more erudite competitors; even so it will be pleasing for them and very instructive for all others. It may be slightly overrated with 6 ladder-points. But **C**—White to draw—is by no means as easy as it looks; it should be well worth 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by March 2.

B: Henri Rinck



C: R. Szkuja 1943



REPORT ON COMPETITION

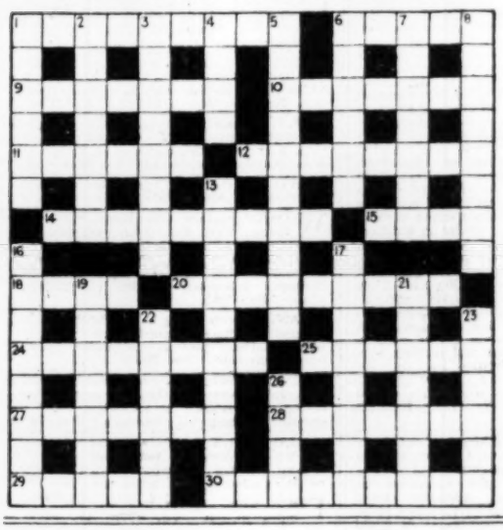
Set January 31

A: (1) R x Kt ch, K x R. (2) Q x R, etc.
B: (1) B-B6, B-Q6 ch. (2) P-K4, Q-Q1. (3) R-KR5 ch, K-Kt1. (4) B-Q5 ch, Q x B. (5) R-R8 ch, K x R, stalemate.
C: (1) B-Kt8, K-Kt2. (2) K-Q5, K-B1. (3) K-B6!, Kt-Q1 ch. (4) K x P, K-Kt2. (5) Kt-K5!, K x B. (6) K-Q7, Kt-Kt2. (7) Kt-B6 ch, K-R1. (8) K-K6!, P-B5. (9) K-Q5, etc.

Only three correct solutions. Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, F. R. Oliver. The 11th ladder-decade ended last week (*i.e.* including the competition set Jan. 17). First prize goes to the redoubtable D. E. Cohen who hardly ever drops as much as a point or two and who totted up 584 since he started from scratch after the 7th decade. Next time some of the 8th decade winners may be in the running; but this time, I am glad to report, the other three prizes go to relative newcomers. G. E. Crow has collected 555 points since he started in January '52. Third prize for E. A. Barclay-Smith who, relatively, has done even better by amassing 503 points since last May. Finally J. Mitchell accumulated 459 since Nov. 1951.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 36



ACROSS

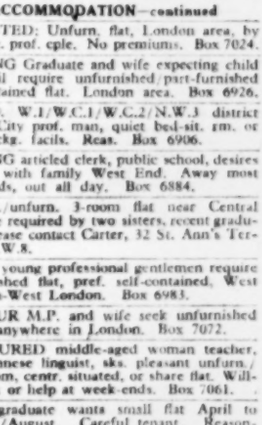
1. North American mountain goat? (9).
6. Bogus cry (5).
9. It is more reasonable, so turn communist (7).
10. Fight and give a hiding to a Greek (7).
11. For the listener who cannot keep his hair on? (6).
12. Buttons for a king (8).
14. Travellers "guided by the blind impulse of curiosity" (Goldsmith) (9).
15. Put in to make this dry rain (4).
18. Work must come before this pretending to do Attlee's job (4).
20. Flare of extreme brightness? (4, 5).
24. One who puts fresh dots on the map? (8).
25. The flood makes it a hard pull in the river (6).
27. Quoted in the true telling of a story (7).
28. She gave servants a name (7).
29. Pound's poetry is in these veins (5).
30. Weak, lacking both turn and direction (9).

DOWN

1. Speed the destruction of the Thanes (6).
2. Cut off this country's capital for Spain (7).
3. Legal extra I preserve for the defence (8).
4. The place for a Festival year function (4).
5. Try essayed (*anagram*) (10).
6. Open mine and this is what to hunt for (6).
7. The star has a way of rising over the east (7).
8. He wrote about Mr. Grimes (8).
13. It is fishy when females embrace their confused lovers (5, 5).
16. Like a hundred vicars (8).
17. A long sentence? (8).
19. Comforted and so put in spirits (7).
21. State conveyance (7).
22. Makes a harmony and a tune is composed with variations (6).
23. Lime in one part (6).
26. The end of a road (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 35



BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

SOME February Penguins out today: Sanctuary—William Faulkner (2s.), The Trial—Franz Kafka (2s.), The Sea and the Jungle—H. M. Tomlinson (2s.), Magic Books from Mexico—C. A. Burland (4s. 6d.), The English Middle Classes—Angus Maude & Roy Lewis (2s. 6d.), The Life of the Robin—David Lack (2s. 6d.), Pond Life—Paxton Chadwick & Jean Gorvett (2s. 6d.), Science News 27 (2s.). Full list from Penguin Books, Ltd., Harmondsworth, Middlesex.

"MUSIC" for February is one of the best issues to date. William Alwyn writes under the title, "Owle and Nightingale." Charles Cudworth discusses the symphonies of Dr. William Boyce. John Stephen tells the story of Musical Boxes. Reg. Barker and Fred Harmer deal with "Untuned Percussion" in the orchestra. Campoli writes in the series "Music I play." Rafe Seabrook, most-talked-of writer on recorded music, lets fly at "Curate's Egg Discs." Other regular features include the new, musicianly, 5-page record review. "Music" can be ordered through most music shops and booksellers (2s.) or posted (2s. 4d) from Miles Henslow Publications, 27 Nassau Street, London, W.1.

V. S. PRITCHETT'S "Books in General" are discussed by Tom Hopkinson in this week's "Tribune." Jennie Lee writes about public schools, Rossmund John discusses the film quotas, and Colin Jackson presents "The Case for the Yanks." Have you ordered your copy?

NOW Ready. "The Prague-Moscow Trials" by Yona Yagol. Obtainable from and published by Poale Zion-Jewish Socialist Labour Party, 2 Bloomsbury Place, W.C.1. (MUS. 4702). Price threepence. Post free.

PEOPLE'S Congress For Peace. 8 pg. illustrated broadsheet. 3d. From British Peace Cttee., 81 City Rd., London, E.C.1.

"MODERN" Architecture: Soviet Objections to "constructivism." Read John Pinckheard on interview with Prof. Savitsky, Anglo Soviet Journal. 2s. 6d. (pge. 3d.). Fr. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, or bookshops.

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity"—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

MAPAM & Anti-Zionist Trials; Moscow Charges; Sneh Expulsion; in February's "Labour Israel." Annual subscription 4s. 6d., from 8 York Place, W.C.2.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9827.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

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BEAUTIFULLY furn. 2nd floor maisonette by Hampstead Heath. 2 bedrooms (1 double), dining/lounge, large kitchen. Share bathroom. 6gns. per week. Easy access City and West End. Box 6934.

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GOLDERS Green. Newly furn. kit.-dinette and double bed-sitting room in contemporary vein. Student landlords. STA. 6291.

PLEASANT furn. rm., bus. lady/student S. Ken. Phone 7-9 p.m. FRE. 2881.

FURNISHED Flatlet. Large room and kitchen; own meter, linen. Quiet house, suitable prof. lady or gentleman. References. Tel. ARChway 4913 after 6 p.m. & weekends.

PRIVATE site, Downland Farm, four miles sea, six Eastbourne. Two converted self-contained Pantechnicons and sleeping hut available Easter on. Box 7050.

QUIET 2-roomed flatlet overlkg. Hadley Wood, part-furnished, good furniture, balcony, garden, telephone. Suit country-lover working in London. Box 6981.

N. DEVON farmhouse. Small s/c. furnished flat to let June to July 7 and August 17 onwards. Elec. light, H. & C. Rent 3gns. wkly, 4gns. August. Box 6978.

CHARMING divan room with scp. s/c. kitchenette; bus route, 1 mile Dorking, cent. htg., gas fire. 2½gns. Box 6974.

COOKHAM Dean. Attractive furn. flatlet and garden in orchard, high ground. Elec. ckg. & heating. Suit prof. person. Maidenhead bus 3 mins. £2. Box 6947.

CORNWALL: 2-berth 'van, also large 4-berth, each fitted calor gas heating, lighting, cooking, fully equipped. Beautiful secluded spot near cove, 4gns. and 6gns. respectively. Gilbs, Lamorna, Penzance.

OFF beaten track, furn. Welsh cottage by sea, mountains, sleep 4; Calor. Elsan. Vacant now on, except August. Box 7044.

BACHELOR has accom. for 4 other gentlemen (2 double rms.), country house 1 hr. town, secluded not isolated. Every comfort, fine grounds, garage, car available. Absolute freedom. All meals except lunch Mon.-Fri. £4 10s. each or week-ends £2 10s. Box 6876.

PROFESSOR'S daughter requires semi/unfurn. flat, 2/3 rooms. Box 6843.

UNF. house/flat urg. reqd. prof. cple. & child. Max. rent £150 p.a. Box 6942.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

WANTED: Unfurn. flat, London area, by yng. prof. cple. No premiums. Box 7024.

YOUNG Graduate and wife expecting child April require unfurnished/part-furnished self-contained flat. London area. Box 6926.

REQD. W.1/W.C.1/W.C.2/N.W.3 district by City prof. man, quiet bed-sit. rm. or flatlet, ckg. facils. Reas. Box 6906.

YOUNG articled clerk, public school, desires live with family West End. Away most week-ends, out all day. Box 6884.

FURN./unfurn. 3-room flat near Central Line required by two sisters, recent graduates. Please contact Carter, 32 St. Ann's Terrace, N.W.8.

FOUR young professional gentlemen require furnished flat, pref. self-contained, West or North-West London. Box 6983.

LABOUR M.P. and wife seek unfurnished flat anywhere in London. Box 7072.

CULTURED middle-aged woman teacher, Viennese linguist, shs. pleasant unfurn./furn. room, centr. situated, or share flat. Willing cook or help at week-ends. Box 7061.

POST-graduate wants small flat April to July/August. Careful tenant. Reasonable rent. London area. Box 7059.

WTD. for 2 wks. summer holiday, furn. accom. for headmaster, wife, 3 children & baby. S.W. Engl./Welsh coast. Box 6909.

EDINBURGH. 2 Yorkshirewomen (mother & daughter) & cat, sk. to rent flat or cott. Any situ.; cheapness essent. Box 6964.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

EFFICIENT home typewriting service, mod. charges. Walton-on-Thames 5567.

THESES, Novels, Plays, Scripts, etc., typed privately by expert. Write/tel. Peggy Sutton, 115a King's Rd., S.W.3. FLA. 7967.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit., MSS., etc. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

DUPLICATING/Typewriting. Price Lists, Memoranda, etc. Eyles (Duplicating), 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARChway 1765, Ext. 1.

HAZEL Porteous will type your Thesis, Novel, Play or Technical MS. Efficient personal serv., highly recom. by prominent writers. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe, Suffolk.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

LITERARY typing, 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories/duplicating, etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proofreading, etc. Transins. (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Aunts, 501/2 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHI. 6411/2, also Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

RUSKIN College, Oxford. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor (man or woman) in Social and Economic History, to be taken up in September, 1953. Salary scale £600–£50–£1,100, starting according to experience. F.S.S.U. superannuation scheme. Applics. with 3 referees required by March 26, 1953. Full particulars from F. Smith, General Secretary, Ruskin College, Oxford.

OXFORD University Delegacy for Social Training. The Delegacy proposes to appoint a Tutor in Public and Social Administration (man or woman), the appointment to begin on October 1, 1953. Candidates should have high academic qualifications, combined with practical experience of the working of the social services in their statutory or voluntary aspects. The stipend will be on an incremental scale £500 × £50 to £950, with superannuation, the point of entry depending on qualifications and experience. The appointment will be made for a period of either three or five years in the first instance. Applications, with the names of three referees, and a short account of the applicant's qualifications, experience and academic career should be sent before March 31, 1953, to the Secretary of the Delegacy, 35 Beaumont Street, Oxford, from whom further particulars of the post can be obtained. Testimonials are not required. The choice of the Delegates will not be limited to those who apply.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of French. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the French Department. Special consideration may be given to candidates with qualifications in 17th Century French Literature. Initial salary £500 to £550 according to qualifications. Appointment to date from October 1, 1953. Five copies of applications, together with three testimonials and names of two referees, should reach the Registrar, the University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3, not later than Friday, March 13. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned. C. G. Burton, Secretary, The University, Birmingham, 3.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in French with Italian, at this College. Candidates should have lived for a considerable time in France and/or Italy and should have completed, or be well on the way towards completing a substantial piece of research. Other things being equal, preference will be given to candidates working in the field of Romance Philology or medieval French literature. Initial salary £450. Duties to commence not later than October 1, 1953. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom six copies of the application together with the names and addresses of three referees should be sent not later than March 31, 1953. (Signed) E. R. Evans, Registrar, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited for a Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economics. Further particulars from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by March 7.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the following posts: (i) A probationary Assistant Lectureship in Geography, salary not less than £450 per annum. (ii) Either a probationary Assistant Lectureship in Education (salary not less than £450 per annum) or a Lectureship in Education (salary on the scale £550 × £50–£1,100 per annum). Applicants should be able to undertake lectures in methods of teaching Biology and/or Chemistry. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications must be sent by March 21, 1953.

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Instructress in Rural Domestic Economy. Applications are invited from women of suitable qualifications and experience, for permanent appointment to the above post. Duties will include giving advice, talks and demonstrations to women's and adult organisations in the County. Qualifications in Domestic Science (especially Cookery) are essential. Salary will be on salary scale £361 × £15 £529 p.a. plus Special Responsibility Allowance of £100 p.a. Forms of application and Conditions of Service may be obtained on receipt of a stamped 2½d. addressed envelope, from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, and should be returned to reach him not later than Sat., March 7, 1953.

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Nursery Matron. Applications are invited from S.R.N. or R.S.C.N. for this post at a residential nursery for 24 children under 3 years of age. Salary £425 × £15 to £560 per annum less £145 per annum for board and lodging. The appointment is pensionable and subject to medical examination. Applicants must have a genuine understanding of the needs of small children, and experience in residential work is desirable. Application forms from the Children's Officer, 3 Fell Road, Croydon) must be submitted by return of post. E. Tabetner, Town Clerk.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CIVIL Service Commission. Assistant Director of Examinations in English. This pensionable post in the Commission (London) will become vacant in August, 1953. Age 25-30 on August 1, 1953, but well qualified candidates over 30 will be considered. Qualifications: High Honours Degree preferably in English or Classics. Good University or school teaching experience desirable; examining and interviewing experience an advantage. Duties: Critical examination of draft examination papers, control of marking of candidates' work, preparation of syllabuses, general maintenance of standards, interviewing. Salary: £440-£1,280 men, £440-£1,125 women, plus at present 8⅓. Starting salary up to £970 men, £810 women, according to age and experience. Application forms and full details from Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4186/53. Applicn. forms to be returned by Feb. 28, 1953.

WEST Riding County Council. Bretton Hall. Training College for Teachers of Music, Art and Drama. Aplications are invited from candidates with good teaching experience for the following posts vacant on September 1: (1) Lecturer in Art and Craft. This appointment will be for one year in order to allow the present holder to accept a one-year Fellowship for research. Secondment might be arranged. Candidates must be able to make their main contribution through pottery and be prepared to lecture on art education in schools. (2) Two additional lecturers. Candidates should have made a study of the work of either secondary or primary schools. One candidate would be required to make a substantial contribution to the work of the College in Music, one in English and Drama. Candidates should state if they are able in addition to offer Religious Education or Biology. Further partics. and applicn. forms can be obtained from the Principal & should be returned to him not later than March 12.

NORTHERN Ireland. Londonderry High School req. for September 1 (1) a well qualified Domestic Science Mistress. As this post may be a Department Headship, good exper. is desirable. (2) A Geography Mistress. For candidates from Great Britain, a bonus towards travelling expenses may be available. Apply Head Mistress as soon as possible.

LONDON County Council. Deputy Headmaster reqd., Mile Oak Approved School, Portslade, Sussex, accom. 150 boys (8-13 years). Applicants must be qualified teachers, preferably experienced in similar work. Experience of intelligence testing also advantage. Burnham scale, plus three increments and responsibility allowance. Unfurnished married quarters, fuel, light and water provided, or single accommodation. Write Children's Officer (CH/A2/289), L.C.C., County Hall, London, S.E.1. (134.)

ASSOCIATION of Building Technicians require Trade Union Organiser. Salary £525 to £600 p.a. acc. to ability. Application forms obtainable from General Secretary, 5 Ashley Place, S.W.1.

APPEALS organiser required for leading Anglo-Israel organisation with London headquarters. High remuneration for the right person. Applications should include details of previous experience, copies of testimonials, and three personal refs. Box 6948.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, men and women, for the development of their work with problem families in many parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

NETHERNE Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey. Lady Occupational Therapist required, Salary and conditions of service in accordance with P.T.A. Whitley Council recommendations. Experience in social and recreational activities among psychiatric patients desirable. Applications, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent as soon as possible.

GIRLS' Remand Home. House Matron required at Newport House, Great Baddow, near Chelmsford, a Home for 20 girls. Post offers scope to woman interested in social work and with sympathetic understanding of delinquent girls. Salary £240 × £12—£280 p.a. less £78 for board and lodging. Additional payment is made for any duties necessarily undertaken in excess of 48 hours a week. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

SURREY County Council. Resident Assistant Housemother required for a children's home situated in Merstham, Surrey. This home accommodates 7 adolescent girls. Salary: £208 × £7 10s.—£260 p.a. plus full residential emoluments valued at £78 p.a. Application form and fuller details may be obtained upon receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope from the Children's Officer (H/JHP/167), County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for permanent posts in London; also for occasional work on our Emergency Staff (£6 10s., 10-5, no Sats.). Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

LADY Cook (experienced) required, able take charge Manageress's absence. Pleasant private hotel (sea-front well-known sheltered winter resort two hours London), catering for those with public-spirited outlook. Open throughout year; Numbers between 18 and 45 guests. If married or with friend could reside nearby flat. Write age, experience, remuneration. Box 6795.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Children's Reception Hostel, Kirby Muxloe, Nr. Leicester. Following upon the opening of the Authority's Reception Hostel in new premises, applications are invited from women for the resident appointments of (1) Chief Assistant and (2) Supervisor. The Chief Assistant will assist the Superintendent and Matron in all matters affecting the care of children and will deputise for them at holiday and off-duty times. It is desirable that applicants should have attended a Course in Child Care or Household Management. The possession of a recognised diploma will, of course, be an added recommendation. The Supervisor should also have had previous experience and training in child care as her duties will be similar in most respects to those of the Chief Assistant. Single, comfortably furnished bed-sittingrooms will be available for the successful applicants. The Salary Scale will be £230 x £10—£280 per annum but the Chief Assistant's appointment will carry in addition a special responsibility allowance of £50 per annum. A deduction of £78 per annum will be made in both cases for the board and lodging provided. Forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom they should be returned by March 7, 1953. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Applications are invited from married couples for the joint appointment of Housefather/Housemother at the Countesthorpe Cottage Homes, Leicester. Applicants should be of good education and preference will be given to those holding certificates in Child Care, First Aid, Home Nursing, etc. In the case of the Housefather a recognised qualification in Carpentry and Joinery would be desirable though the Committee do not wish to limit their consideration to men with this training. In the event of no suitable married couple making application, consideration would be given to two women friends wishing to work together as Housemother and Assistant. Salaries will be: Housefather, £7 a week; Housemother £5 13s. a week; Assistant Housemother £5 7s. a week. A charge of 34s. a week for men, and 29s. a week for women, will be made for board, lodging and laundry. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, and should be returned, when completed, by March 7, 1953. Kenneth Goodacre, Town Clerk.

RESIDENT Bursar/Secretary reqd. for small independent Music School. Full partics. may be had from Secretary, Box 7013.

BRITISH Actors' Equity Association requires an Organiser for Ice-Skaters. Previous theatrical and/or trade union experience an advantage. Commencing salary £8 per week, annual increments £1 per week to £10, thereafter on merit. Applications with full particulars to General Secretary, British Equity, 8 Harley Street, London, W.1.

PROFESSIONAL organisation requires immediately competent shorthand-typist, well educated, accurate, with good speeds. Interesting work, including committee work. Apply, stating age, to the Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, W.1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of copywriter in the advertising department of leading photographic firm near London. Experience advantageous but not essential. Age not above 30. Apply Box 6938.

GROUP of textile designers seeks agent on commission basis. Previous experience not essential, but business ability important. Some typing. Box 7079.

SMALL Trade Union Office requires staff interested in Trade Union activities. (1) Assistant in Accounts Department. Age 20-25. Shorthand and Typing essential, capable of working on own initiative. (2) Junior Shorthand Typist. Age 18-25, for General Office. Progressive salary scale, according to age. Pension Scheme. Good holidays. Five-day week. Applications giving particulars of qualifications to The Joint General Secretary, Guild of Insurance Officials, 7 St. Thomas Street, London, S.E.1.

SECRETARY Shorthand-typist, £7 10s., travel agents, W.1. This and other interesting vacancies at "Graydon Bureau," 233 Strand (opposite Law Courts). CENtral 0604.

OLD-established Bloomsbury publisher requires secretary, over 26. Box 7104.

SHORTHAND-Typist, with some general office duties, 16-17, reqd. by political office, W.C.1 area. Intrstg. work. Box 7075.

CAPABLE Sh.-Typist required for English, French & German correspondence. Five-day week. Hours 9.30-5.30. Box 6922.

MOTHER'S Help or Cook General, or any other appropriate name for experienced superior person, wanted for food reform household. Light duties. Good daily help kept. Fond of children (school age) and of cheerful disposition. Happy permanent home assured willing applicant. Every consideration. Write: Massil, 51 Bancroft Avenue, London, N.2. MOUntview 4017.

DAILY Cook Housekeeper required after Easter for bachelor, entertaining professionally in small labour-saving house in Kensington. Resident House Parlourmaid, foreigner welcomed. First-class plain cooking and highest refs. essential. Write Box 6951.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

CAMB. grad. 40 (Hons. Eng. & Mod. Languages), formerly schoolmaster & Asst. Lecturer Eng. foreign university, sks. full or part-time post. Own typewriter. Box 6858.

MUSICIAN. Yng., progr., gd. French, desires change teaching. Music advsr., orgnsr., sim. consid. with London/European org. Not less than £360 p.a. Box 7018.

MAN, 30, expd. in mathematical research & clinical psychology, organising ability, reqs. part-time employment in or near London. Anything considered. Box 6916.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

WOMAN graduate (29), Hons. Hist., Dip. Geog., Cert. Ed., 3 yrs. assistant org. secretary international conferences, sks. similar position or as personal assistant where initiative and integrity reqd. Typing, French, some German. Interested political, international affairs. Box 7085.

SPANISH-born young lady (British) Madrid graduate, fluent Spanish, French, English, would consider post as interpreter, lessons, translations, etc. Box 7043.

SHORTHAND-typist, good educ. & general culture, wants part-time work, pref. connected with science or sociology; could do ghosting or help with research. Box 7031.

ADAPTABLE woman, wide exper. secretl., welfare, domestic, some land work, sks. respons. human job where varied qualifics. might be advantage. V. good refs. Box 7066.

EDUC. wmn. 30s, sks. intg. sec. post. Trnd. music/sh.-typ. Wd. trav. Box 6919.

PART-time Secretarial work required (City Offices) where University, Scientific degrees preferred. Write Box No. 44/3, c/o 11 King Street, Cheapside, E.C.2.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

THE College offers for competition each year a Scholarship in Social Studies of £40 per annum tenable for two years to students who have at least two years' experience in some practical occupation and who wish to obtain a Diploma in Social Studies. (The award is often supplemented by the Local Education Authority of the successful competitor). Application must be made not later than April 21. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Hull.

TAVISTOCK Institute of Human Relations. Four Fellowships of not less than £400 are available for experienced Social Workers to take a full-time Course in Advanced Case-work in the Child Guidance Dept. of the Tavistock Clinic. Sept., 1953—July, 1954. Enquiries to Senior Tutor, Child Guidance Dept., Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont St., W.1.

EXAMINATIONS

THE Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants. June, 1953, Examinations.—The half-yearly Preliminary, Intermediate and Final Examinations will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 9, 10 and 11 next, in Aberdeen, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth and Sheffield, and at such other centres, if any, as circumstances may warrant. Entries must be received before April 1, 1953, at the offices of the Association, 22 Bedford Sq., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

LEARN Shorthand by March 21 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

PARACHUTES. 1. Pure White Heavy English Silk; each panel 36in. × 132in. 3in. at top. 2 panels 17s. 6d., 4 panels 32s. 6d., 8 panels 60s. 2. Nylon; each panel 36in. × 150in. 3 in. at top. Peach, White, Nil Green, Rose or Light Blue. 2 panels 19s., 4 panels 36s. 6d., 8 panels, 70s. Post and Packing 1s. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 217), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

STRIPED Ticking. Waxed and Featherproof 56in. wide, superb material, only 7s. 6d. yard. Post 1s. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 81), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

SHORTHAND-Speedwords (ordinary writing) in 8 lessons, all languages. Send 2½d. stamp for free lesson. Dutton's Speedwords (WS), 92-3 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

DUREX Gloves finger stalls and all surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903

NEW System to Improve Handwriting. Devised by 2 qualified teachers. Send 2s. P.O. for the "Cein" system. Farrer, "Wenduyne," 2 Horne Street, Denby Dale Road, Wakefield, Yorks.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 220

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., Grosvenor Sq., S.W.1, Mayfair 6626, provides most comprehensive training for High-Grade Secretarial Posts.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Telephone: Park 4465.

INTERESTED in Trade Union Problems? Interested in Management Problems? Join the New World University Centre, starting Saturday, February 28, 10 a.m. 9 Cadogan Gdns., S.W.3. 12 meetings Saturdays, morning and afternoon. Lectures, discussions, visits, etc. Cost 3*gns*. Scholarships available for T.U. members and students. Enrol at 1st lecture. Syllabus from Director of Course.

NEW World University Centre Post-graduate Courses. Are you in difficulty with your post-graduate study? Write the Director, Post-Graduate Courses, New World University Centre, 51 Eaton Pl., London, S.W.1.

LANGUAGES incl. Russian, English for foreigners, in comf. informal atmosphere at Language Centre, Gayton Rd., N.W.3. Expd. teachers, mod. fees. HAM. 9097.

CONCERT pianist: Expert tuition in interpretation of Scriabin. Correction of defective technique. (West-end.) ENT. 2800.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing.—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

GUITAR tuition, Segovia style. Beginners' Courses, regardless of age. Free Folder: Len Williams, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

DRESSMAKING pays. Learn in 12 lessons. Box 6390.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

DRAMA Schools, Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. (April 7-15, 4½*gns*.); (May 9-10, £1 15s.). (July 27-Aug. 7, 5½*gns*.). (Evg. school, Aug. 10-21, 4½*gns*.). Dir.: Marian Naylor. Acting technique, Speech, Mime & Movement, Production, Make-up. Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

POTTERY in Bath at Easter. Course begins March 30 until April 10. Fee £10 10s. non-resident. Particulars from John Shelly, Bath Pottery, 39 Gay Street, Bath.

COURSES in English & International women's hostel. Swimming, tennis, etc., friendly atmosphere. Todmans, Curtisden Green, Goudhurst, Kent.

FOREST School Children's Camps (co-educational). Free course for new staff, April 2 to 9. Apply Secretary, 233 Cornaught Road, Luton, Beds.

PERSONAL

ORIGINAL Holidays—consult our 1953 booklet with new holiday suggestions in Spain, Yugoslavia and Austria or English house-party holidays by the sea. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

E. S. (Solly) Sachs just arrived from South Africa requires accom. (furnished), also office, mod. rental. Tel. ABBey 3770.

LADY with previous experience as Labour M.P.'s secretary offers one evening's voluntary wk. wkly. to interesting job. S.W. address, own typewriter. Refs. Box 6927.

FOR Sale: 3ft. Divan, mattresses. Excellent condition. Purchaser collect. Box 6720.

TARRAGONA, Spain and other Continental holidays, e.g., Paris (£14 3s.). C. Rackett, Bonhams, Yapton, Sussex.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol. First-class holidays amid charming mountains, in excellent, homely hotels, good food and service, from £27 for 2 full wks. at centre. £10-£12 spending money. E.T.A. Tours, 357 Strand, W.C.2.

EASTER Holidays. Accompanied party of adults and youngsters leaving London April 8 for week at Finhaut, £19 2*s*. 6*d*. inclusive. C. Rackett, Bonhams, Yapton, Sx.

MAJORCA. In priv. villa, b. & b. 50s. p.w., pension £5 5s. Mrs. Wrottesley, Poste Restante, Soller de Mallorca, Baleares.

22 days Winter Sports holiday. Solden Austria for £29. Full board, III class travel and transfer. Few bookings available with Student Group departing March 17. Apply Box 6991.

KEEN mountain walker wishes to form or join small party to walk in Austria, August. Anyone interested apply Box 6807.

COLONIAL graduate and English gentleman in partnership (Limited Company) seek financial help; repay with interest at end of 12 months. References supplied. Box 6783.

MAN, 34, own tel., typewriter, duplicator, driving licence; 30 miles London; seeks part-time work. Box 6758.

AU Pair: We arrange 3-9 months' stay Switzerland, France, Belgium for young educated girls willing help with children, easy housework; pocket money. Enc. s.a.e. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

FRENCH, German lessons, low fee, by young man, graduate. Box 6756.

AUSTRIA—Italy. 14 days from 22 guineas leaving up to £17 10s. spending money from £25 allowance. Also Spain, Switzerland, Jugoslavia. Comf. Hotels, excellent food, grand excursions. Free illus. brochure from R. H. Alpine Tourist Agency (W2), 40 Dean Street, London, W.1. GER. 5884/5.

PERSONAL—continued

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ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-15. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie

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ENTERTAINMENTS

PRINCES. Tem. 6596. Evgs. 7.45. Wed. 2.30. Sat. 5.30, 8.30. Constance Cummings, Sam Wanamaker in "The Shrike." (Suitable for adults only.)

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "The Breadwinner." Mems. 5s. yrly.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). "The Bridge of Life." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Twice nightly (exc. Mondays), 7.30 & 10.30. Sundays 6.30 & 9.30. The famous Victorian Melodrama, "The Drunkard." Membership 5s. yearly.

LYLY Comedy: "Woman in the Moon." London University Drama Society. Feb 26, 27, 28, 7.30 p.m. Twentieth Century Theatre. Tickets Bus. Manager L.U.D.S., 30 Woburn Sq., W.C.1. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank, Wat. 3232. Sun., Feb. 22, to Tues., Feb. 24 (Mems. only). Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy." 6.15, 8.30. Tues. mat. 2.30. Sat., Feb. 21 (open to public). Short and 3-dimensional films; "Apropos de Nice," etc. Doors 1/2. Details membership British Film Institute, 164, Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Clair Season. Till Mar. 1: "An Italian Straw Hat" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Feb. 22, 7.30, "No Room at the Inn" (A) (British).

PRE-RELEASE showing of "Time in the Sun"—film produced by Marie Seton from S. M. Eisenstein's "Que Viva Mexico" (his only work outside U.S.S.R.): 7 & 8.30 p.m., February 22, at 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. Also Ethel Lyon, soprano, and Robert Vivian, piano; reading of Burns, Shelley, Toma, by Donald Bisset: Adm. British Hungarian Friendship Society members 2s.; Guests 2s. 6d. Hungarian food and refreshments.

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406): Sunday, Feb. 22, 7.30 p.m. Ilford Town Hall. "Mala the Magnificent" (U.S.A.): An Eskimo Tragedy. Mems., 5s. yearly.

"INTRUDER in the Dust," courageous negro picture seldom exhibited, 7.30, Feb. 26. Mems. 10s. 6d. (6 progs.), guest tkts. 2s. 6d., adv. only. Apply Sec., Hammersmith Film Soc., Town Hall, W.6. RIV. 6011.

SOCIAL.. "Music and the Soviet People." Musical journey through the S.U. by Don Richnell. Unique records. 2 White Court, Platt's Lane, N.W.3. Feb. 22, 7.30 p.m. 2s. incldg. refreshments. Hamp. B.S.F.S.

SOCIAL & Dance. British-Viet-Nam Committee. Viet-Nam Folk Songs & Music. Refreshments & Dancing, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2. Tickets 2s. 6d. Sat., Feb. 21, 7.30 p.m.

SOCIALS & Dances at Swaraj House, 32 Percy St., W.1. (nr. Tott. Court Rd. Tube Stn.) will commence on Feb. 21 at 8. Mr. Fenner Brockway, M.P., has consented to be present on the Opening Night.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League Dance, February 21, 7.30, St. Pancras Town Hall. 4s. 6d.

LONDON Dance and Movement Centre: Recital of Modern Dance. Hilde Holger School, Sat., February 28, 7.30, & Sun., March 1, 6 p.m., at 44a Loudoun Rd., N.W.8. PRI. 0274 or GUL. 6822.

BEN Uri Drama Group presents "Overruled" and "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," by G. B. Shaw. Monday, March 2, at 7.30 p.m., at King George's Hall, Adeline Place, W.C.1. Tickets 2s. 6d-10s. 6d. in advance from Secretary (WEL.beck 3001).

SAILING Barge moored adj. Tower Pier. Glencoe Arts Club. Bar open every evng. 5-11. Life class every Sat. 2-4.30 (2s. 6d.). Dancing every Sat. & Wed. evening to 3 Boys and a Bonga. Mems. 2s. Guests 3s. Sat., Feb. 21, Cabaret with Dorothy Wilson & Paddy Dickson. ROY. 1653.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening party at Tate Gallery to see "The Art of Mexico" exhibition, March 3, 8-11 p.m. Members tickets 10s. 6d., guests 13s. 6d. (including refreshments). Membership from 1gn. Apply C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

OPERA Circle, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Sun., March 8, at 8 p.m. Richard Strauss's "Anna Kraus," intro. by Douglas Cleverdon with composer; Sladen, Lumsden, Parsons, Strauss-Smith, Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Fri., Feb. 27 at 8 p.m. Smetanin in a Chopin Recital. Tkts. 12s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & agts.

BEETHOVEN & Bartok Series. Queen Mary Hall Music Club presents 4th Concert Wednesday, February 25, 7.30 p.m. Aleph Quartet. Beethoven Ops. 18 No. 5: 59, No. 3, Bartok No. 4. Seats 4s., 2s. 6d. Box Office Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Mus. 7512.

A RECITAL by Colin Kingsley (Pianoforte) and The Chelsea Wind Quintet (Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn and Bassoon) will be presented for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Feb. 23, 8 p.m. Adm. Free.

REV. H. F. D. Sparks on "The Gospel behind the St. Matthew Passion" (3rd of 5 Hust. Lects. sponsored by L.B.S. & Eric Greene, Esq.) 6.30 p.m., Tues., Feb. 24, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Tkts. 2s. 6d.: Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., or Hall on night of Lect.

CONCERTS—continued

SUNDAY, Feb. 22, at Royal Festival Hall, at 7.30. London Symphony Orchestra, with Sir John Barbirolli. Rossini Overture, 1st London perf. Alwyn Symphony No. 1, Delius' A Song of Summer, Elgar Enigma Variations. 3s. 6d. to 15s. WAT. 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

GIMPEL Fils. 50 South Molton St., W.1. From February 24: British and French Contemporaries: a selection from Mr. R. May's collection; and Paintings by André Dauchant.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, London, W.1. Frederick Franck: First Exhibition in England. Closing Feb. 28.

NEW Burlington Gallery, Ent. Old Burlington St., W.1. W.I.A.C. Annual Exhibition of Paintings & Sculpture. Feb. 20 to March 10 incl., open 10-6 daily incl. Sats., Tues. & Thurs. 10-8.

DRAWINGS for Pictures. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 7. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Adm. free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, London, W.1. Pottery and Ceramics by Wolfgang Meyer-Michael.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Jack Smith and Paintings by Ten Young Artists.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbots Terrace, W.14. (1) Sculpture & drawing, Bentley Claughton, Denis Curry. (2) Works by Carter, Alexander, Weatherby, Powter. Daily 10-5, Thurs. 10-8. Sats. 10-1.

OPPOSING Forces. Paintings by Sam Francis, Georges Mathieu, Henri Michaux, Alfonso Ossorio, Jackson Pollock, Jean-Paul Riopelle, Istvan Serpan. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Daily 11-6. Sat. 11-5.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 1775-1851. 11-6, Sundays 2-6, Closed Mondays.

THE Hanover Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Paintings by Peter Foldes. Drawings and Engravings by Mario Prassinos Until March 6.

MATISSE Sculpture and Studies for Paintings. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Feb. 22. Weekdays 10-6. Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

REMBRANDT'S Influence in the 17th Century. Loan Exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond Street, 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until April 2. Adm. 2s. 6d., for the benefit of the Netherland Benevolent Soc.

MODERN Gardening Exhibition Shows You How! The opportunity of the year for every Gardener. Wed. & Thurs., Feb. 25 & 26. 2 Days only. 10 a.m.-9 p.m. 2s. 6d. Children under 15 with adults Free. Royal Horticultural Hall, Vincent Sq., S.W.1.

POOLE Fine Earthenware. The Tea Centre, Regent St., London, S.W.1 Feb. 19 to March 13 incl. Mondays to Fridays 10.30-6.30. Saturday 10.30-1. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Important French Masters of the 19th and 20th Cent. Recent Purchases. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings of Cyprus by G. Pol Georghiou and Paintings by Fritz Winter. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

TOPOLSKI'S Studio, 3 Warwick Avenue, W.2. Exhibition of recent work (1949-1952), till March 15, 12-8. Sundays included.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Collective Bargaining and Government Wage Regulation in the Netherlands" will be given by Professor M. G. Levenbach (Amsterdam) at 5 p.m. on February 26, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower Street, W.C.1): Public Lecture by Signora Zancani Montuoro, entitled "The Heraion at Foce del Sele: the subject-matter of the Sculptures" will be given on Wed. Feb. 25, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket. E. A. L. Guetterbock, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY of London. A lecture entitled "Donne through French Eyes" will be given by Professor P. Legouis (Lyons) at 5.30 p.m. on March 2 at Univ. of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Adm. free, without tkt.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1., 7 p.m., Tuesday, Feb. 24: Miss M. Samuels, S.R.N., S.C.M., "Family Planning: An Essential Social Service." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m., Friday, Feb. 20. M. L. Howard, "World Government."

J. H. LLOYD: "Humanism & Economics." Hampstead 8th Soc. 783, Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cin., Golders Grn., Feb. 22, 7.45.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

WAR with China? Lord Stansgate, Compton Mackenzie, R. H. Crossman, M.P., Donald Soper, Kingsley Martin, Emrys Hughes, M.P., Dr. Shelvankar & F. Jafris. Peace with China Council Meeting, Kingsway Hall, Mon., March 2, 7 p.m. Adm. free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Wed., Feb. 25, 8.30. Homage to Paul Eluard, recordings & readings from his work in French and English by Kathleen Raine, David Gascoyne, Peter De Francia, Roland Penrose. Chairman Sir Herbert Read. Members 2s., Guests 3s.

THE Linguists' Club. 21st Anniversary Dinner-Dance at the Savoy Hotel, Feb. 22. Old members welcome. Tickets from Club Headquarters, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. February 28 at 6 p.m. Herr Paul Rom: "Kennst Du Deinen Lebensstil?"

THE Case for Sunday Freedom. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Wed., Feb. 25 at 7.30. L. Ebury, F. A. Ridley, G. H. Taylor. Chair: R. V. Morris. Adm. free; qstns., discn. Org. by National Secular Soc.

"SAVE Africa." Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., Fenner Brockway, M.P., Canon L. J. Collins, Dr. Marcus James. Chair: Wilfred Fienburgh, M.P., Fri., March 6, 7.45, Archway Central Hall, Archway Rd., N.19 (Opp. Archway Tube Stn., Northern Line). Hornsey Labour Pty., Highgate Ward. Free.

ANGLO-German Association: Mr. R. M. Stock on "The Political and Psychological Situation in Berlin," Thursday, February 26, Caxton Hall, Westminster, at 6.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION. "Is There Racial Discrimination in the Soviet Union?" Talk on national minorities by Brian Pearce. 2 White Court, Platt's Lane, N.W.3. Feb. 24, 8 p.m. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

"WHO are the anti-semites?" Jack Gaster answers slanders. Exposes American plots. Hampstead Tn. Hall, Thurs. Feb. 26 at 8. 6d. Hamp. Communist Pty.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Feb. 25, at 7.30 p.m. Saul Rose on "The Malayan Conference" at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

CHELSEA Forum. John Berger on "Art & Socialism." 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3. Sunday, Feb. 22, 7.45 p.m. 1s. 6d.

POETRY at the Prince's Head, Storey's Gate, S.W.1 (near Central Hall). Sundays at 7.30. February 22: Wordsworth. March 8: Metaphysical Poets.

PERSONALIST Group. Dr. Ruth Saw on "Is God Nonsense?" Conway Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 24 at 7.30 p.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Feb. 22. D. G. MacRae, M.A., "Voltaire and Pascal." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

SOCIETY for Sex Education and Guidance. "Marriage Guidance." Mr. A. J. Brayshaw. Wednesday, February 25, at 7 p.m. Conway Hall. Admission free.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. Feb. 22: "The Eye and the Heart Doctrine." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Road, Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Station, near Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

MISS Sylva Norman will speak on "Do Poets Die Young?" (Chairman: Claude Houghton). Feb. 27, 8.15 p.m. All welcome. No collection. Indian Institute of Culture, London Branch, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace and Craven Rd.).

G. E. O'Dell: "Catholicism, Protestantism & Human Nature." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, February 22, at 11 a.m.

FILM, "Liberated China," and Mrs. Pinkheard on her recent visit. Parliament Hill Girls' School, Highgate Road, N.W.5. Monday, February 23, at 8 p.m. Admission 6d.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (i) Meditation & Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 4.15 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, Feb. 26, "Science of Meditation." March 5, "Practice of Spiritual Discipline." All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures will be given by Dr. E. Lunding (Aarhus) at 5.30 p.m. on March 4, 6 and 9 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. March 4: Familienkultur und Bürgertum in der deutschen Dichtung; vom Mittelalter bis zur Aufklärung: March 6: Bürger und Bürgertum im Zeitalter Gottscheds; March 9: Bürgertum und Bieedermeierdichtung. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Economic Prediction" will be given by Professor E. A. G. Robinson (Cambridge) at 5 p.m. on March 3, 5 and 6 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures entitled "Symbolic Form in Modern Art" will be given by Sir Herbert Read at 5.30 p.m. on February 26 and March 5 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

THE National Student Peace Council invites students to a National Peace Conference, Sat. & Sun., Feb. 21 & 22, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

COUNCIL for Education in World Citizenship. The Annual Spring Conference, for teachers, youth leaders and students, will be held at Beatrice Webb House, near Dorking, Surrey, during the week-end March 6-8, 1953. The subject will be "Race Relations," and the speakers will include Mr. Boris Gussmann, Dr. Victor Purcell, Mr. Jan Koenen, Mr. Peter Abrahams. Inclusive fee £2 3s. 6d. Applications to The Secretary, C.E.W.C., 25 Charles Street, London, W.1.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon., offers some creative activity every weekend. Feb. 27-March 1: Harold Walsby leads discussion on the logic of irrationality.

THE Buddhist Society. Special Course of Three Public Lectures on Fundamental Questions in Buddhism, at Caxton Hall, S.W.1, 6.30 p.m. (1) Wed., Feb. 25: "What is Dharma?" Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Weekend School, March 13-15, 1953, at Beatrice Webb House, Pasture Wood, Holmbury St. Mary, Nr. Dorking, Surrey, on "Shaping Public Opinion." Speakers will include David Butler, F. J. Joss, John Huntley. Full particulars from Miss J. Brewster, 97 Belgrave Road, S.W.1.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Kossen in the Austrian Valley with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 22nrs., 21 days, 36nrs.) covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. Sleeper berths available for the night journey, supplement 3rd class 11gns.; 2nd class—31gns. After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money left out of your £25 currency allowance will be £16 for 14 days. Write for leaflet "1953 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

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CORONATION Year students joining the Langham Secretarial College before Summer Term will receive an extra month's tuition free of charge for tours and background lectures. Enrol now. Vacancies limited. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. (MAY. 2904.)

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FOLLOWING successful experiments in group work at the Isobel Cripps Centre courses will be run in Psychosomatic Re-education beginning March 2: (1) For medical practitioners interested in latest developments in postural re-education and relaxation; (2) For ordinary men and women who realise that they can benefit by learning to use the body more effectively; (3) For former pupils who want a refresher course. Details from Secy., 18 Lansdowne Road, W.11. PARk 7222. Private lessons continue to be given as usual.

MUSICIANS frequently find themselves hampered by technical difficulties arising from excessive muscular tension, and when these are more than superficial a special technique is required to bridge the gulf between intention and performance. I am now able to offer, in association with the Isobel Cripps Centre, help of this kind to pianists and cellists. Telephone Miss Ticciati, B.Mus., L.R.A.M., at PUT. 9437 or write to Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. on p. 219

More Classified Adverts on Pages 217, 218, 219

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